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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Diary of the Week.

MR. CHURCHILL deserves great credit for the weighty and measured fashion in which he has brought before the country the consequences of the anarchic policy preached by Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson. In a letter to the Chairman of the Liberal Party in Dundee, published in Monday's papers, he calls attention to "the countenance and encouragement shown by the Conservative leaders to doctrines of lawless violence," and charges Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson with having repeatedly incited the Orangemen to wage war upon their fellow-countrymen, and, if necessary, upon the forces of the Crown. He reminds these gentlemen that this is a constitutionally governed country where General Elections take place at frequent intervals, and where the fiercest disputes of class and party warfare have been settled without any of the horrible catastrophes of bloodshed and ruin that have overtaken so many Continental States. "Violence within the realm is the mark of a bad citizen," and though of late there have been signs that a "morbid hysterical spirit is amongst us," it is

"abominable that men of high and fortunate position should pander to it," and "incredible" that it should be inflamed by a Conservative leader, who wished to assume the grave responsibilities of office.

* * *

ACCORDING to the Blenheim and Belfast speeches, if any faction or section chose to allege that a Government majority had been unfairly acquired, they would be entitled to resort to violence, rebellion, and bloodshed to resist them. This doctrine, Mr. Churchill points out, puts an end to constitutional government, and justifies every lawless or disruptive movement in any part of the Empire. Its consequences in our great dependencies need no illustration, while its application at home is equally pernicious.

"There are many millions of very poor people in this island divorced from the land, crowded into the back streets of cities, forced to toil for a scanty reward through their whole span of existence, who suffer the cruel sting and pressure of circumstances, and have little to lose except their lives, to whom these counsels of violence and mutiny may not be unattractive, and who may be lured to their own and to the public disaster by hearkening to them. The doctrines of Mr. Bonar Law at Blenheim are the doctrines of Mr. Ben Tillett on Tower Hill. But Tillett's men were starving."

* * *

To this stinging indictment, Mr. Law has made a weak and evasive reply. The Government are, he says, guilty of political trickery, Home Rule was not an issue at the last election, and any attempt to carry it now will be resisted by an overwhelming majority of the people of Great Britain. He does "not anticipate a civil war," and his speeches must only be taken as a "clear warning" to the Government of "the precipice" towards which they were blindly moving. Now that he has given his warning, he affects to believe that no attempt will be made to carry Home Rule. Mr. Churchill deals with these fumbling excuses in a further letter, which appeared on Thursday. Mr. Law's speeches were, he shows, not warnings to the Government, but incitements to the Orangemen, who proved that they understood them by the detestable incidents that have lately taken place in Belfast. There had been large importations of arms into Ulster, and widespread drilling and training, and though Mr. Law might not intend the extreme consequences of his words and actions, he "had drawn a blank cheque of indefinite currency against the whole resources of the Unionist Party, which any ruffian or any lunatic might present for payment, filled in by the hand of crime."

* * *

WHAT the attitude of the Conservative Party will be to these treasonable tactics remains to be seen. That such a policy should be advocated by a Conservative leader and a Privy Councillor is bad enough. But that it should be endorsed by the party whose historic boast is that it is the party of law and order would be still worse. Already Mr. Cockshott, the Unionist candidate for Rochdale, has informed Mr. Law that he "entirely disapproves of and repudiates" the Blenheim speech, and a significant letter to the same effect has appeared

in the "Times." But whatever line the Unionist Party may take, Mr. Law has placed himself in a position which makes it impossible for the King to ask him to form a Ministry whenever a Tory majority is returned to the House of Commons. He has done even more. Along with Sir Edward Carson he has been guilty of conduct that would make his removal from the Privy Council a fit and proper course. If Mr. Law persists in his policy, this step will become necessary, as well as the further one of indicting him under the criminal law.

THE late Chief Whip's advice to his old constituents at Midlothian not to put up a Liberal candidate should Provost Brown be chosen to represent Labor, has called forth an amount of comment altogether out of proportion to the importance of the incident. Lord Murray has explained that his action was prompted by a conviction that for the most part the miners are the moderating and restraining influence within the Labor movement, and a desire to embrace within the Liberal ranks the best of the democratic forces in the land. The Midlothian Liberal Association, however, felt that the Liberal traditions of their constituency were too strong to allow it to be handed over to another party, even if represented by a man who had done such good service to Liberalism in the past as Provost Brown. Lord Murray accepts this decision, and joins with the local Association in commending Mr. Shaw to the electors. Mr. Shaw, who is an admirable candidate, has thus the undivided support of the Liberal Party, and even in a three-cornered contest, there is every prospect of his election.

THE outlook in Turkey is appreciably less alarming than it seemed last week. The risk of a quarrel with Montenegro has passed for the time being. It is also clear, as we anticipated, that the Albanians are not as yet prepared for a national political programme. They will receive satisfaction on all the detailed points which they have raised (schools, language, appointment of Albanians as officials, Albanian conscripts to serve only in Albania, compensation for destruction and amnesty), with some reserves as to the right to carry arms. Equally reassuring from the Ministry's standpoint is the decision of the Committee of Union and Progress to refrain from any dramatic form of protest. They will contest the coming elections, and that is all. Whether the Government means to allow any real liberty for constitutional agitation and organisation may, however, be doubted. Martial law is strictly enforced at Salonica and Constantinople, and the civil service is being purged of the Committee's friends. Meanwhile, there are evidently dissensions in the Cabinet. Zia Pasha has resigned, and Hilmi Pasha, and even the Grand Vizier, are said to be going. A Conservative, if not reactionary, tendency seems to be growing.

THE one remaining danger, which has all the while been the real one, comes from Bulgaria. Details of the Kotchana massacre show it to have been a peculiarly bloody affair. It is supposed that Bulgars began it by a bomb outrage, and this is probable, but the rapidity with which the Moslems, ten minutes after the explosion, began to massacre the Bulgar peasants in the market is decidedly suspicious. Nearly two hundred were slaughtered, and the police and troops in no way intervened even when the killing spread to the villages. The Turkish Government has behaved well by permitting Bulgaria to send a medical mission of relief, but naturally opinion in Bulgaria cannot be so placated. A widespread and national agitation, culminating in a vast mass meeting at Sofia, demands a declaration of war,

and the final liberation of the Bulgars of Turkey. King Ferdinand, as usual, is the restraining influence, but the temptation to celebrate his jubilee by freeing Macedonia must be considerable.

THE visit of M. Poincaré to the Russian Court has reproduced the ceremonial features usual on such occasions. Press comments are copious and interesting. The "Temps" and other French papers write with a somewhat extravagant jubilation about the revival of the Alliance. German and Austrian journals reveal considerable annoyance, not wholly free from alarm. Italian comment approves the opening of the Dardanelles, which it sees imminent, and welcomes Russia in advance among the Mediterranean Powers. The Russian press is much more reserved than the French, but the "Novoe Vremya" (which, a month ago, printed an article predicting that there would be no permanent peace between Russia and Britain so long as we hold India), now suggests that we should be invited to join in the naval convention which France has concluded with Russia. Was this the real reason for separating the naval from the military implications of the alliance? For the rest, it is thought that M. Poincaré was chiefly occupied in adjusting French financial interests, which desire to build railways in Asia Minor, with Russian strategical interests, which are opposed to anything which would assist Turkish defences.

THE trial of the three Egyptian Nationalists accused of conspiring to assassinate the Khedive, Lord Kitchener, and the Prime Minister, has ended in a condemnation, and in sentences of fifteen years' penal servitude. It is not easy to comment on these sentences with any confidence until a full report of the trial is available. The evidence against the three prisoners, who are immature young men, rested (1) on the "confession" of an alleged accomplice who turned informer and escaped scot-free, and (2) on the statements of policemen, who allege that they overheard the prisoners discussing their plans of murder in the open-air in a café garden. It is impossible not to ask whether the informer was, in fact, an *agent provocateur*, and, assuming that the evidence of the police was honest, can a "conspiracy," hatched in a public place, have been serious? Remembering the Denshawai affair, we can feel no confidence in an Egyptian tribunal. It is quite probable that the less balanced of the extremists have played with the idea of terrorism, but it wants better evidence than the telegrams have summarised to prove a serious conspiracy.

PROFESSOR BROWNE has sent to the press a striking letter, since confirmed by others in the "Manchester Guardian," in which he suggests that some of the abstentions of Liberal voters in North-West Manchester were due to the "illiberal, immoral, contemptible, and perilous" foreign policy of the Government. This is no mere guess. Mr. Barton, M.P., attributes six out of forty-three defections which he inquired into to foreign policy. Professor Browne encloses a horrible collection of photographs, which we have inspected, showing how the Russians celebrated New Year's Day in Tabriz. In one of them eight Nationalist leaders, including the chief ecclesiastic of the city, are seen hanging from a tree. In another, a man, whose head had been cut off and then fastened to his body, is hanging by the feet. In a third, half of a human body hangs, with its internal organs visible, like a carcase in a butcher's shop. It is guarded by a Persian soldier, and shows the work of Samad Khan, the

ex-Shah's partisan, whom the Russians made Governor of Tabriz, and allowed to perpetrate the most ghastly atrocities while they held the city down. This is the "cruelty" which the "Novoe Vremya" recommended as the only true humanity when the Russians entered Tabriz.

The correspondent of the "Times" in Teheran sends a crushing exposure of the method by which Russia is accomplishing the financial ruin of Persia. She doles out small loans, exacts rapid repayment, and then lends again, demanding for each accommodation increasingly higher terms. For her first £100,000 she got (besides 7 per cent.) the recognition of the Agreement, and the increase of the Cossack brigade. For a further £25,000 just conceded she has obtained railway concessions of immense strategic importance to Tabriz and Urumiah. No reconstruction is possible under these conditions, and total bankruptcy is only a question of months. Yet only nine months ago, under Mr. Shuster, solvency was assured, and Persia could have borrowed four millions abroad without a surety, had not the Protecting Powers intervened to veto the loan and evict Mr. Shuster. Direct Russian and British administration in the two spheres now seems inevitable, for it is clear that Russia never meant to join us in any plan for restoring Persian credit.

The result of the conference between the Senate and the House of Representatives on the Panama Canal Bill has been to modify it somewhat in a direction desired by us. Foreign-built ships of American registry will now have to pay tolls, unless exclusively engaged in coastwise trade. On the other hand, every attempt by free tolls, and by allowing the free import of shipbuilding material, will be made to encourage American building. Some concession has been made, but the main point remains that to free any American ships from tolls (other than coasters) is, in our view, a clear violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty.

FRANCE has affirmed her new status in Morocco by deposing the Sultan Mulai Hafid. The polite fiction is, of course, that he has abdicated, and a generous pension has been assigned to him. His successor is Mulai Jusuf, brother of the weak pro-European Abdul Aziz. The late Sultan was a man of strong character and marked ability, who might conceivably have restored the Empire to some unity if it had suited France to allow him to succeed.

THE White Book issued on "Contract Labor in Portuguese West Africa" deals almost entirely with the supply of "serviçaes" from Angola and other districts to the cocoa islands of San Thomé and Principe. The equally large question of the labor in Angola itself, which is also not to be distinguished from slavery, is left untouched. The correspondence now published begins only in the middle of 1909, but, unhappily, it fully confirms the reports of the system given seven years ago by Mr. Nevinson, and a year or two later by Mr. Joseph Burt. Speaking of a conversation with the Portuguese Foreign Minister in November, 1909, Sir Edward Grey writes:—

"I explained to him that the information I had received from private sources placed beyond a doubt the fact that it had been the custom for natives to be captured in the interior by people who were really slave-dealers; the captured natives were then brought down to the coast and sent to work in the Portuguese islands."

In the same month, Consul Mackie writes from Loanda:—

"The Angolan native is contracted in a wild state under circumstances of doubtful legality, and is so convinced that he is a slave that nothing short of repatria-

tion, which should therefore be compulsory, would serve to persuade him that, at least in the eyes of the law, he is a free agent. It would obviously be useless to argue that the 'serviçal' is not a slave merely because he is provided with a legal contract."

As lately as last October, we find Sir Arthur Hardinge urging upon the Portuguese Government "the extreme importance of putting an end to the Angola scandals, which had for so long called forth protests from humanitarians throughout the civilised world." A great deal has certainly been done, especially since the Monarchy was overthrown. The recruitment from Angola has been at least temporarily checked; for the first time, repatriation has been permitted, and on a fairly large scale, in spite of the obvious difficulties in the case of slaves who had been on the islands for an average of some twenty years. The mere regulations have been tolerably good for some years past, and we do not doubt the good intentions of the Republican Government. But in a letter of only last March, Sir Arthur Hardinge writes that the Foreign Minister in Lisbon had told him that the governors appointed to Africa "had been to a great extent paralysed by the power of the vested interests, European and native, which, in effecting the necessary reforms, they found arrayed against them." That has all along been the secret of the failure of attempts at reform.

THE rather sudden death of the composer Massenet was announced on Tuesday. Born seventy years ago, he belonged to the school of Gounod, Bizet, and Saint-Saëns, and remained to the end quite unaffected by the tendencies of modern French music. He was a writer who used harmony only to support the straightforward impulse of his melodies. Emotionally, he sought for an exciting and somewhat meretricious interplay of religious ardor with sensuous excitement. Thais, the Magdalene, and Herodias were the typical heroines of his operas. No one found his writing difficult, and yet it never provided the streets with a melody. It was easy, pleasant, and perfectly apt in its dramatic expression, but it did not excite or linger in the memory. It may be said of him that he provided the average unlearned music-lover of our generation with a greater sum of harmless and uninspiring pleasures than any of his contemporaries. But ten years hence, as he honestly said himself, he will hardly be remembered.

MISS OCTAVIA HILL, who died on Tuesday, was one of those influential natures that are capable of high idealism, combined with great practical powers. Coming at an early age under Ruskin's inspiration, she was enabled through him to institute the method of rent-collecting and house-management with which her name is chiefly connected. Property in the poorest quarters of Marylebone, Lambeth, Westminster, and Southwark was put under her care, especially by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the trust was invariably justified. Personal knowledge, personal relationship, personal influence were her watchwords, and she was herself, above everything, a great personality. Her work on the Kyrle Society, the Commons Preservation Society, and the National Trust for Preserving Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, has done much to preserve the beautiful in modern life; and if some charge of harshness can be brought against the Charity Organisation Society, of which she was an early member, it can only have arisen in so far as it has departed from her principle of personal service and hardened into a machinery.

Politics and Affairs.

CONTINGENT TREASON.

THERE is some ingenuity and some discretion in the reply of Mr. Bonar Law to Mr. Churchill's charge of inciting Ulstermen to treason. At Blenheim he had said that in the event of this Home Rule Bill passing into law, "they would be justified in resisting it by all means in their power, including force," and he added that, "if the attempt be made under present circumstances, I can imagine no length of resistance to which Ulster will go in which I shall not be ready to support them." Now, in the only portion of the letter relevant to the charge pressed by Mr. Churchill, he describes his attitude as one of "warning," and affects to believe that this "warning" will be so effective that the Government will drop their attempt to pass the Bill, and so violence will not be necessary. His final sentence is a curious example of the muddle-headedness which the habit of strong language generates. "They now know that if they attempt, without first obtaining the sanction of the electors, to drive Ulster out of the Union, the attempt will be resisted, not only by the loyalists of Ireland, but by an overwhelming majority of the people of Great Britain; and the attempt will not be made." If this had any meaning, it would signify that he believed the Government would drop Home Rule, because they recognised that the "people of Great Britain" were prepared in the last resort to take up arms against it, standing in the trenches with the men of Ulster!

Now, Mr. Law is perfectly aware that the Government will pass the Home Rule Bill before this Session closes, and that the "overwhelming majority of the people of Great Britain" will either approve their doing so or will be indifferent. The hope and purpose in which he and Sir Edward Carson are indulging is that they will be permitted with impunity to stoke the fires of treason so as to keep the section they misname Ulster simmering with menace of revolt, and occasionally breaking into scenes of riotous brutality like those recently enacted in Harland and Wolff's. "This Government," they calculate, "will not have the courage and firmness to handle such a situation. The record of their foreign policy shows them a mush of concession. Obsessed more and more by fear of Germany, they will not dare to risk this new trouble on their own borders. They will, therefore, let us continue our game of contingent treason, calling it mere bluff, and hugging a cheap claim to magnanimity for doing so. This being so, we shall not be called upon to convert our brave words into practice. For this crouching before the threats of a rebel Ulster will complete the downfall of a Government whose popularity is waning for other reasons. The tide of by-elections will run so strongly adverse that they will be driven to the country before they can over-ride the Veto of the Lords. The Government, with all their fine projects, Veto Act and all, will then be swallowed in an ocean of popular derision, which will be registered at the polls as a rejection of Home Rule. So, at the cost

of a little traitorous talk which we shall never be called on to make good, we shall have saved 'loyal Ulster.'"

That is the sort of reasoning by which we apprehend Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson condone their treasonable utterances. It rests on three assumptions: first, that the Government will not dare to press their Bill to a supreme test; secondly, that the people of Great Britain will not stand by them in doing so; and, thirdly, that during the autumn, and as long after as may be necessary, they will be permitted to spout freely their incentives to riot and rebellion.

Now each of these assumptions is false, or ought to be. The Government must last out its time. The Parliament Act, by shortening the period and by the provision of means for making the will of the Commons prevail after a due interval, must be regarded as authorising and requiring a Government to remain in office until the work it has begun is brought to completion. Formerly, indeed, it was permissible for a Government, either yielding to some passing wave of popular mistrust, or seizing some favorable opportunity, to seek a fresh mandate before its full time was up. To act so in the future would be an unwarrantable shirking of responsibility, and would jettison the whole cargo of legislation. For this Government to fail to persevere until the three great measures of this session (to say nothing of the great programme of social reform which is in preparation for next session) are placed securely on the Statute Book, would be an act of quite incredible folly. For it would not only involve a separate betrayal of each great cause, but it would shipwreck in its trial trip the Parliament Act. Incidentally, but necessarily, it would bring to complete destruction the Liberal Party. Were the *personnel* of the Government composed of men of the most timorous and unprincipled character, they could hardly so misread the plain demands of the situation as to go to the country with such a record of neglected duty. To imagine for one moment that a Government with men of the fighting stuff of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill would ever contemplate such a possibility is not worthy of consideration.

How, then, about the second supposition, that the people will not stand by the Government? The Opposition is preening itself just now upon a few victories in by-elections. But regrettable as these results may be, they are after all nothing else than part of the calculated and predicted cost of the insurance policy. Until this policy is put into fair working, the contributions losing the grievance of their novelty, and the benefits winning realisation, some electoral injury must continue to be borne. When the debates of this autumn, and the passing through the Commons of the two great Bills of constitutional reform have made their due impression upon the popular mind, we shall experience a powerful rally of the people in favor of a Government engaged in business whose historic significance is attested by opposition so unscrupulous and so unpatriotic as that which is threatened by Mr. Law and Mr. F. E. Smith.

But though we have no fear lest the Government should weaken in resolution, or the people should turn against them, we are not of those who think it therefore

wise to overlook or to condone the grave and repeated misconduct of which Mr. Law and a few of his political lieutenants are guilty. To refuse to recognise the "warnings" these men utter as intended to provoke in Ulster a state of expectant rebellion would be very wrong. We do not, indeed, believe that Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson would procure any movement large enough or real enough to be dignified by the name of rebellion. But there are men who, encouraged by their utterances, are already drilling and playing with fire-arms. When the Home Rule Bill is passed and becomes the law of the land, it is quite likely that these misguided men may indulge in local rioting in Belfast and other places. A few educated fanatics may take in earnest Mr. Law's allusions to 1642, with the "Daily Telegraph's" commentary thereon, "if England's resistance to unconstitutional despotism in 1642 was justifiable, the resistance of Ulster is justifiable."

No doubt Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson are trading upon their notion that to prosecute them for incitement to riot and treason would be deemed impolitic by the Government. And, indeed, they are right in thinking that such utterly unprecedented abuse of responsibility by the titular leader of the Opposition is embarrassing. Language of misrepresentation and abuse, sometimes very strong, has always been permitted to politicians in this country, and it will continue to be permitted. Such language may at times appeal so powerfully to the passions of hearers and readers as to cause some danger of a breach of the peace. But such occurrences are commonly of passing moment, and are discounted by usage. Occasionally, the law is set in operation where some spoken or printed matter is so worded or addressed as to appear to form a direct incitement to crime. Such prosecutions are usually mistakes. The recent case of Mr. Mann is to the point. His incitement to soldiers to refuse to apply legalised violence was far more widely advertised by the act of prosecution than was possible in any other way. But while Mr. Mann is a person of no great importance, and his advice to soldiers "not to shoot" would carry very little weight, the case is very different when Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson tell Ulster men that in a certain contingency they ought to shoot. If such speeches from men in the position of these *agents provocateurs* are continued, there will not be rebellion, but there will undoubtedly be rioting, bloodshed, and probably a loss of life. We understand that next month a series of more vigorous demonstrations are being arranged in which, to quote Mr. F. E. Smith, "before Parliament reassembles, events will take place in Ulster which will convince the most encouraging optimist on the Treasury bench of the reality of the position which they have to face." We do not profess to understand what this may signify, but we have no doubt that it will furnish opportunity for these influential leaders to repeat their treasonable counsels. It ought now to be clearly understood, and means should be used by Mr. Asquith to make it understood, that if acts of illegal violence of a riotous or a treasonable character should ensue, the high position of these men, which makes their poisonous language more powerful for mischief, shall not screen them from the prosecution for

incitement to riot or for treason-felony. These men and their aiders and abettors in "high life" no doubt think contemptuously of the risk of being brought to trial for their misdeeds before a court of sympathetic judges and jurymen. It does not appear credible to them that they may, like common men, be brought to justice. But if politics are to be made real in this country, men like Mr. Law and Sir Edward Carson must not be allowed to go about committing acts for which ordinary men would assuredly be punished.

SOME TENDENCIES OF POLITICAL MANAGEMENT.

LORD MURRAY's retirement from the position of Chief Whip to the Liberal Parliamentary Party suggests some reflections both as to his own handling of the machinery of politics and as to some tendencies of Liberal management which has now enjoyed nearly seven years of power. Of his own methods it is obvious criticism to say that they differed widely from those of his predecessor and from the general traditions of his post. The change reflects in some degree the transition from a rather humdrum personality to a vivacious and enterprising one, who has paid full tribute to the modern habit of advertisement. This is not to say that the Master of Elibank was an egoistic or self-seeking type of politician. What he did was not for himself so much as for his cause and his Ministry. But the fact remains that he has virtually created a new organ of government, and turned the Whip's Office from a rather obscure agency for the collection of votes and money and the tendering of confidential advice to the Cabinet into a direct engine of political influence. The main instrument of this power has been the press. By this means Bills and policies have been promoted, differences smoothed over, tactics suggested and explained, reverses minimised, and successes impressed on the imagination of the man in the street. Thus a politician outside the Cabinet acquired an importance in the public eye to which the majority of the members of the interior Committee had no pretension. An unscrupulous man might by such weapons, and in the adventurous view of French politics, make himself the master of the situation. The Chief Whip's control of patronage is necessarily great. He has ways of sounding opinion not open to pre-occupied Ministers, least of all to the Premier himself, and his judgment of party strategy might, on occasion, be deemed conclusive. He can depress the claims of one candidate for Cabinet or Ministerial rank, and exalt another's. He can bend to this view of policy, and be stiff to alternative counsels. And yet it is clear that his representative capacity is limited. His view is, in the main, Parliamentary; he does not speak for the average party man, still less is he concerned with fresh or advancing tides of opinion. The line that naturally commends itself to him is one of expediency, and if he feels that the party is easily manageable, he will be tempted to repress the new life

that threatens to outgrow or to defy management. It is fair to say that the Master of Elibank did not "sit on" Radicalism. He sometimes played with it. But he was by no means reactionary, and until the somewhat elaborate *finesse* with labor at Hanley, and the hinted arrangement which was to be its end and fruit, his tactics and the easy personal relationships which supported them were well suited to the needs and aims of a Coalition. It would be merely spiteful to describe the Master of Elibank as a *faux bonhomme*. His geniality was no mask; it was rather a pleasant support for the assumption that nearly everything in politics can be done by good-natured management.

And the policy of "management" has, we think, been carried far enough to qualify some valuable elements in Liberalism. We suppose that never in the history of party have "honors" been distributed with so lavish a hand as during the last three or four years. The Liberal Party is not by tradition Republican. At no period of its existence has it included more than half a dozen Members of Parliament who had even a theoretical objection to the Monarchy. It relies on the Crown, not merely to "see it" through the forms of administration, but indirectly to assist it in maintaining its credit as a source of favor and advancement to its ablest or most loyal supporters. But Liberalism, if not Republican, is democratic, and the specially British form of political reward lies not in enrolment in a national and patriotic society like the Legion of Honor, but in "titles." We should be afraid to say how many peerages, baronetcies, and knighthoods have been allotted to Liberals under the last three Administrations. Many of them represent faithful or even distinguished services of character or energy. Of one or two others—notably of a recent Privy Councillorship—the least said the better, save that they seem to us to have put an unnecessary strain on the compliance of the Crown. Others, again, merely illustrate the purchasing power of wealth when it seeks the forms without the reality of social distinction, and tend to create a double standard of "honor," in which a mass of light or false coin jingles conveniently by the side of what is true or substantial. Social equality is still a highly remote ideal in British life, but we ought to feel that every fresh invasion of Liberalism brings it nearer. Yet a Liberal Government which achieves this tremendous output of titles, and at the same time is moved by its own manifest destiny to work against the House of Lords and cripple its control, makes men feel either that politics are not sincere, or that "honors" divorced from social functions and responsibilities are of real account, or that there is no great future for democracy, which lets slip from one hand all the strength it gathers in the other.

There is a second disadvantage attaching to the wholesale creation of titles. It sets up an unfree House of Commons. Payment of members already constitutes a new bond between the private follower of a party and the great machinery which supports him and ensures him his seat. It is a natural and inevitable tie. But it

would not do to create the impression that Government is an all-potent force for gratifying social pride, and that a lip service to Liberalism, followed by a few years' shepherding through the division lobbies, is the normal opening to the very mixed splendors of an "honors list." Such expectations are a poor basis for Liberalism. They fill its purse; they give it an air of fixity in the shifting world of politics. But they secure for Liberal ideas the same kind of enfeeblement which Napoleon contrived for revolutionary ideas when he substituted glory and loot for liberty and equality as the marching orders of his French expeditionary armies. And this excessive stress on rewards which do not penetrate to the rank and file, and, in comparison with the mass of Liberal and Radical votes, reach a very small number of persons, serves to mark out the Labor Party, which stands aside from the shower, as the inheritor of the simpler and harder traditions of nineteenth-century Radicalism. Progressive politics will not come to an end with the passing of Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment. In a sense, they will only be beginning, for they will touch real and deep issues of property and State organisation. Will the Liberal Party, as it emerges from the pleasing Capua of office and "honors," be tough enough to handle them?

For it is of extreme importance that as we have reached a period when the line of spiritual fathers of Liberalism has ceased—when we have no Fox, or Bright, or Cobden, or Mill, or Gladstone to hold up or to practise general principles of public conduct—the moral education of the party should not also slacken. So much is organisation in modern life, so much accommodation to mass movements, that the reason for action is in danger of being lost in the mechanical stir and interest which the arts of government excite. Modern administrations move and are moved by great commercial forces, most of which are hostile to change, impatient of principles, anxious to secure "continuity" of policy at home and abroad, and to avoid large social or political changes. A Prime Minister is in constant touch with these appeals, as well as with the hostile but accommodating powers of a "Society" that claims everything from Liberalism and contributes nothing to it. He is the head of the nation in a more real sense than the King. By his side stands the official who governs, orders, and sustains the supporting machinery of party, resting in its turn on a few score votes in the House of Commons. Naturally the manipulation of this force, with the conduct of the non-party interests of the State, presents itself as the problem which largely fills the waking hours of these two men. The hero-worshipping mood of the average politician figures his chief as the holder of a banner inscribed with the proud device of "No Compromise." But the chief himself knows that compromise is the mainstay of his strategy. And if he is not fed with ideas from without, he tends to think that they do not exist, or that the world in which he moves can get on very well without them. None the less, they must be supplied and insisted on; or politics will become a mean and ravening pursuit, and statesmanship lose all touch with the higher thoughts of the nation.

THE FRANCO-RUSSIAN ALLIANCE.

A VISIT of ceremony is the conventional method which modern diplomacy adopts to signalise some development of its more or less secret relationships. Two bureaucrats, meet together weeks or months before the event, and the world hardly notices their goings and comings. When all is sealed and settled, a naval visit, a royal banquet, and all the pomp of toasts and uniforms announce to the world that something has happened, and invite us to conjecture what. The visit of M. Poincaré to St. Petersburg was probably little more than a ceremony, but undoubtedly it ratifies some already fixed arrangement. In considering what this may be, we have to remember that there is a vast difference of tone between the French and the Russian glosses on the event. The French commentaries are jubilant, detailed, and ample. The Russian response is courteous but reserved, with a tendency to minimise the significance of the new phase. It is an open secret that in competent French circles the Russian Alliance, now twenty-one years old, had for some time been treated as a bond obsolescent and nearly negligible. The appearance of the Kaiser "in shining armor" beside his Austrian ally, and the consequent discomfiture and isolation of Russia in the Bosnian affair seemed for a time to have shattered it. The withdrawal of the Russian troops from the Polish frontier, the conclusion of the Potsdam Convention, the silence of Russia throughout the last stages of the Moroccan conflict when war seemed imminent, M. Sazonoff's pro-German and still more pro-Italian speech in the Duma, and, finally, the Baltic meeting with the Kaiser—all these were advertisements that the alliance had ceased to count. French politicians can always find an adroit phrase. The "Temps" and with it M. Ribot were wont to say that the alliance was not "practised." It had been left, as the "Temps" said last week, "to slumber in the archives."

The coming to power of M. Poincaré at a moment of an acute foreign crisis has evidently brought with it, if not a change, at least on the French side, a very conscious wish for a change. It had been the practice of French Premiers for many years to take the portfolio of the Interior. M. Poincaré went to the Foreign Office, and clearly his ministry of all the talents aspires to a national rôle. Looking about for some concrete method of re-affirming the alliance, he found what he desired in the naval situation, which is for the moment the real material of the diplomatic game. Oddly enough, when the alliance was concluded, it was completed by a military but not by a naval convention. There was apparently no arrangement by which the naval staffs of the two Powers should meet and concert their strategy. One need not doubt that if occasion had arisen, the omission would have been hastily rectified. An alliance, if it ever were put to the test, would necessarily operate at sea as well as on land. But this almost providential omission has lent itself to dramatic use at a moment when all Europe is thinking in terms of Dreadnoughts. We will suppose that the convention, as French journalists assure us, is really concluded—though Russian semi-official personages lay ominous stress on the

fact that it has not yet been ratified. There would be little more than a sentimental significance in this. Is there something more? The "Temps" blurted out its expectation that a further export of French capital to Russia has been or will be arranged, and promptly there came from Russia an official denial, couched in rather irritable terms, that any loan was wanted. Then we were assured by the "Temps" that naval co-operation must involve the opening of the Dardanelles, and the appearance of Russia by the side of her French ally as a Mediterranean Power. The Italian semi-official press welcomed this prospect, if possible with even more cordiality, and the "Temps" revelled in quotations from these Roman comments. Once more there came from Russia a rather curt denial that any opening of the Dardanelles question was under contemplation. By way of chorus, the German and still more the Austrian press grumbled in almost daily articles, and Vienna in particular looked forward gloomily to the obligation of further building to confront this change in the naval situation.

It is not very difficult to interpret this diplomatic comedy. The French anxiety to give is as intelligible as the feigned reluctance of Russia to receive. We do not doubt that between famines and shipbuilding Russia will presently have recourse to the French money market. One cannot build Dreadnoughts out of the arrears of taxation of a famished peasantry. We are equally sure that Russia does intend to break through the Straits at the first opportune moment. She has actively pursued that ambition since the first opening of the Bosnian affair. She failed to achieve her purpose then, and now the Italian war offers a second chance, with the prospect of acquiring a naval station in the Ægean as the price of the support which she has given to Italy. It is more than probable that all this was arranged before M. Poincaré's visit. The French are nervously anxious to advertise the assistance which they are rendering to Russia, with the object of reviving the alliance. The Russians, with an eye on Germany and Austria, are correspondingly anxious to minimise this rather comprehensive arrangement. The key to their whole policy is, by wavering adroitly between the two European groups, to extract from both the maximum of concessions. Precisely because they have never broken their intimacy with Germany they have been able to acquire Persia yesterday, Mongolia to-day, and by the same means they intend to open the Straits to-morrow. It is a species of blackmail, and France is forced by her association with this double-dealing diplomacy into a humiliation with which we ourselves are by now sufficiently familiar.

That any real change has taken place in the "balance of power" in Europe, we hesitate to assume. France, for the moment, is rather indecently jubilant, and Germany rather indiscreetly annoyed. But a year hence we shall find the Tsar once more at Potsdam. There will be some fresh "re-insurance," and once more the "Temps" will be complaining that the alliance has gone to sleep. Until the Western Powers realise that Persia, and Mongolia, and the passage of the Straits, prestige and power, and navies and expansion are for

Russia mere luxuries, whereas money is a necessity, they never will be able to hold her. When they have made her Treasury starve through a year or two of a gold famine, as her peasantry starves for bread, they will be able to deal on equal terms with her—or rather with the popular government which would very soon replace the autocracy if this strategy were followed. Germany can do much for Russia, but she cannot lend her money. But between the nervousness of diplomatists, who think they need Russian friendship more imperatively than she needs their goodwill, and the greed of financiers (particularly vocal in the "Temps"), who are only too eager to lend, these tactics have never yet been tried. Until they are tried, the grouping of the European Powers will be fluid. That is far from being, in our view, a bad thing in itself. We do not want to see Europe ranged in two mutually impenetrable parties. But the main consequence of the continual effort to achieve a stable grouping is the constant increase of armaments, and this effort appears to produce the same result whether it fails or succeeds. Every posture of the European situation is always an argument for navies. When a nation feels isolated, it builds for safety; when it is allied, it builds for power. "Convinced," writes the "Temps," "that the balance of power is the basis of peace, and that this basis is essentially military, the allied Governments propose to carry to the maximum the preparation of their associated forces." That is the programme, and that will always be the programme so long as the doctrine of the balance holds men's minds. How the new phase, with the prospect of Russia's appearance in the Mediterranean, will affect our own naval arithmetic, we do not exactly foresee. But by some ingenuity, in panic or in pride, it will doubtless end with the consecrated demand for "the maximum."

THE PANAMA CANAL DUES.

THE denunciations of Congress in American newspapers are not models to be imitated here. The Panama Canal Bill will prove a very awkward corner for our diplomacy, and if we bandy reproaches before we reach it, we may spoil all. Especially ought we to be careful in our language on the eve of a Presidential Election which may make great and beneficial changes in our relations with the United States. The British case against the proposed exemption of American ships from canal dues is, on the surface, an exceedingly strong one. Up to 1900, the instrument that governed Anglo-American relations in the Isthmus was the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, by which both countries agreed that neither should attempt to obtain for itself exclusive control of any canal that should be made. In 1900 this Treaty, which had been in existence for fifty years, expired, and the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty took its place. Like the Morocco Agreements between England and France and between France and Germany, this Treaty surrendered to one of the parties all political interests in the Canal, in return for what was believed to be a guarantee of commercial rights. Article 3 said that the canal should be free and open to the vessels of all nations on terms of entire equality, without discrimination in respect of the

conditions or charges of traffic. By Article 4, again, it was agreed that no change of territorial sovereignty should affect the treaty obligations of the contracting parties. As America was building the Canal—it will have cost her £80,000,000 before it is completed—it was only fair that the provisions of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty should be dropped, and if we obtained equal commercial rights in the use of the Canal, that was as much as any reasonable Englishman wanted.

The idea of the Treaty was sound, but, unfortunately, it was not worked out. America, as a Protectionist country, has stringent Navigation Laws, and no foreign ship is allowed to engage in coastwise traffic between American ports. Moreover, her Courts have given the widest possible interpretation to the term "coastwise traffic." Under the English Navigation Laws it was held that a vessel trading between England and Guernsey was not engaged in coastwise traffic. But in American law, a vessel plying between San Francisco and New York round Cape Horn is only coasting; she may touch at American ports in Hawaii or Porto Rico, or even the Philippines, without losing her character. All this had an obvious bearing on the provisions of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Its provisions for equality of treatment could not apply to vessels engaged in coastwise traffic and using the Canal, because only American vessels were, in fact, so engaged. If the Treaty meant that American ships which had enjoyed a monopoly under the Navigation Laws when plying round Cape Horn between the eastern and western coasts of America, should lose that monopoly when they used the Canal, it should certainly have said so. But no one has ever suggested that the Treaty suspends the operation of the Navigation Laws when the coasting trade goes through the Canal. The greater discrimination includes the less, and as the Navigation Laws exclude all but American ships from the coasting trade, the grievance against the discrimination in tolls upon coastwise traffic would seem a somewhat unreal one. The coasting trade is already an American monopoly, and the imposition or relaxation of dues upon it would seem to be a purely domestic affair of hers. It is true that the exemption of American coastwise ships from tolls would seem to throw an unfair burden upon the overseas trade; but, provided this burden is evenly distributed between the ships of all countries, there is no discrimination within the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. It is sometimes argued that, after concluding the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, the United States deliberately set about defeating it. In the very next year, it will be remembered, a revolution, engineered by American capital, broke Panama away from Columbia, and made a new Republic subservient to the United States, and in the year following that, this new Republic ceded to the United States a strip of land on each side of the Canal which thus became American territory. These scandalous intrigues are not to be defended, but in any case they make no difference to America's rights. If American ships had the monopoly of coastwise traffic when they went round Cape Horn, they would have it when they went through the Canal, whether or not the Canal was American property, and ran through American territory. In our opinion, there

is no case against the exemption of American coast traffic from the Canal dues, and if the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty meant to prevent that, it was exceedingly badly drafted. The probability is that our Foreign Office, in negotiating this Treaty, completely forgot all about the Navigation Laws. The Treaty, in fact, had a leak in it from the start, and was obviously destined to founder.

If the Foreign Office attacks the discrimination in favor of American coastwise traffic, its failure is certain. The time for that has gone by. The Treaty should have been drawn differently, or a protest should have been made as soon as it became obvious that the Panama Canal was about to become American territory. Can nothing be saved now from the wreck of the Treaty? We think that with proper management of the negotiations nearly everything that matters can still be saved. A careful distinction should be drawn between coastwise traffic and overseas traffic. In the former, we have no share, and therefore discrimination in favor of American ships engaged in it makes little or no difference to us. The overseas traffic is on a very different footing. Here this country has an enormous preponderance of the carrying trade, and any discrimination in favor of American ships engaged in it would be a very serious blow to us. Now the Panama Bill does make this discrimination. It extends the exemption from tolls to all American ships, including those engaged in the overseas trade, provided that they are willing to hold themselves at the disposition of the United States Government in time of war. That is the clause upon which the diplomatic opposition should concentrate. It is a flat violation of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, not covered by the American Navigation Laws, a discrimination in favor of American shipping as such, and wholly independent of the United States fiscal policy. If the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was not drawn to prevent that, then it meant nothing at all. And that seems to be the position of Mr. Roosevelt. He is for the strictest observance of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, subject to a reservation with regard to the coasting trade. He would insist (as the "Shipping World" very fairly puts it) that although the American Government is competent to give complete exemption from Canal dues to ships going from one American port to another, all American tonnage engaged in the foreign trade should be subject to rights and obligations identical with those of ships under foreign flags. Whether Mr. Taft would accept that compromise, we do not know; but the Democratic candidate for the Presidency most certainly would. "It is ridiculous," Mr. Woodrow Wilson has said, "for us to build a canal and not have ships to send through"; and there is no doubt that the Canal will lead to a great effort on the part of America to extend its shipping industry. If that is done by sweeping away the registration rules that are designed to protect American shipbuilding, we may be losers, but we shall have no ground of complaint. But we can and should object to attempts to revive American shipping by unfair preference in Canal tolls, and our protest will be all the stronger if we waive our objections to the exemption of coastwise traffic. Could not Germany be induced to support our diplomacy on the issue thus limited? It is her policy no less than ours.

Life and Letters.

TALK ABOUT LLOYD GEORGE.

A SMALL Londoner, aged seven, was recently staying in a country vicarage. The conversation to which he had to listen apparently did not come up to the standard of gravity and dignity which he required. "In London," he said, reproachfully, "they talk about Lloyd George." We have been reminded of this dictum, and have received further illustration of its truth by a most amusing correspondence which has lately been carried on in the columns of the "Daily Express." We regret to say that we missed the beginning of it. The "Express" always adorns our breakfast table, but on the morning the discussion about Mr. Lloyd George began we were too much absorbed in the experiences of the "Branded Man," to give much heed to anything else in the same newspaper. The latter story is the tale of a Protestant missionary in North London, who was kidnapped, drugged, tortured, and branded with the letter "H," standing for either "hypocrite" or "heretic," presumably by Dominican Fathers. We ourselves have a perfectly open mind about this story, but we observed with surprise that the "Express" dropped it after two mornings. In the meantime, one of its young men, in the course of his Parliamentary report, had described Mr. Lloyd George as "sunny and amiable." This seems to have greatly scandalised a Mr. J. W. Revers, who wrote protesting against the application of such adjectives to "the most sinister personality that has ever darkened national life."

This gave the signal for the diversion of a good deal of the talk about Mr. Lloyd George which is always going on in Brixton, and Streatham, and Tooting into the columns of the "Daily Express." True, a stalwart Radical enthusiast characterised Mr. J. W. Revers as "a malignant and filthy baboon," but with this exception, all the clerks who have taken up their pens vie with one another in comparing Mr. Lloyd George with Judas Iscariot, Nero, Richard Crook-back, and all the great outstanding figures in the annals of villainy. In objecting to the "pitiful philandering" of calling this monster "amiable and sunny," Mr. Harold Wade observes in stern admonition to the offending Editor: "I shall be prepared to read a eulogy of the Devil in your next edition." Well, Byron remarks (if we mistake not), "The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman," and we ourselves should receive even this statement with equanimity if we came across it in the columns of the "Express" or any other organ. There is an old proverb about "giving the Devil his due." But the "Express" correspondents are far from the reflective calmness of proverbial wisdom. Mr. Rees Phillips introduces another comparison: "He is like nothing so much as a woman in a fury of hysteria, who breaks up all the household gods, only," he adds, sadly, "unhappily for England, Mr. George is engaged in breaking up a nation." Mr. B. Russell Davis is a reader of character from facial expression. "You look honest," a magistrate recently remarked to an old woman applying for outdoor relief. "Talented men like you are good readers of faces," was her ready reply. Mr. Davis appears to have considerable talent in this direction. "The poorest reader of character," he remarks, "must see in his face the reflection of the soul of the man—saturnine, vindictive, and malicious. This can be read when the face is in what he would call repose. When engaged in one of his Limehousing speeches, and able freely to express himself among his own kind (!) his face again speaks louder than his voice—uncontrollable temper, with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness against all those who do not worship at the shrine of St. Lloyd George, together with unbounded self-esteem, and a selfishness which allows no man but Lloyd George to make money." In the opinion of this last gentleman there have been "two or three others" in English history "almost as sinister as this Welshman." The three selected for mention are Richard III., Henry VIII., and Oliver Cromwell; but "Oliver was not so blackguardly in his speeches." He was certainly not so

lucid. "Wake up Englishmen," Mr. Davis concludes, "and rid England of this rowdy Welshman!" Mr. W. T. Evans again "heartily endorses the protest of Mr. J. W. Revers against the beslaving and nauseating remarks of your Parliamentary representative about Mr. Lloyd George. We may look upon the late Charles Peace," he remarks, urbanely, "and admire the cleverness and adroitness with which he carried out his deeds; yet the end and aim of his activities will characterise him for all time as an unmitigated scoundrel." He goes on to say that in South Wales the inhabitants of North Wales are detested for their insincerity and cunning, and that there is a proverb, "Show me a Northman and I'll show you the Devil." "David Lloyd George, with his oleaginous ways, is a true type of the Northman. It is his cunning that makes him so plausible." The "Express" has done "a great disservice to the cause of Unionism" by speaking of such a character as amiable. Mr. Evans for his part agrees with Mr. Revers that "D. Lloyd George is the most sinister personality that has ever darkened national life—the self-glorifying Judas Iscariot of true freedom, upon whose like, let us hope, no Englishman will ever have occasion to look again." Mr. Evans, we think, is the most eloquent of them all. We cannot ourselves feel, however, that Mr. Lloyd George has sealed up the sum; there are probably wonder-children in the womb of the future who will cause even greater perturbation to their contemporaries than he does. Mr. John Billings, jun., of Stroud Green, is evidently a Dickens student. He draws all his comparisons from the works of that master. He likens Mr. Lloyd George to Pecksniff, Fagin, the Artful Dodger, and Charley Bates. He also calls him "a confidence trickster." To C. M. B. the Chancellor of the Exchequer suggests Nero, and "a cat that has swallowed the canary." Mr. John Martin, of Tooting, calls Mr. George "the Foreigners' Battering Ram." "Through him the foreigners mean to break down the walls of England." Englishmen are "being sold body and soul by this malingerer," though there are a few who "see through his scheming tricks." A gentleman who signs himself "Cymro," calls him "a perfidious Welshman, who would be well paid as a clerk at a salary of 25s. a week." Is it possible that the writers of some of these letters are jealous? Mr. Virgo, of Worcester Park, describes Mr. George as "satanic." To Mr. Hardy, of Cannon Street, he is merely "a pettifogging Welsh attorney, whom it is our misfortune to have as Chancellor of the Exchequer." But why all this wrath? What has Mr. George done? Let "Ichabod" in conclusion sum up the accusation against him. He "has damaged England's prestige, crushed enterprise and capital, reduced wages, created starvation, hoisted red revolution on a pinnacle, and almost ruined this good old country."

Well, these letters give a very fair idea of the "talking about Lloyd George" which is constantly going on all over England, in town and village. They are, we should say, mostly the compositions of London clerks, but the great host of the more or less possessing classes in the country—squire and farmer, lawyer, doctor, parson—all talk in the same way. This flood of talk goes on continually, as the water comes down at Lodore, and we listen to it daily. It was recently our lot to sit with some dozen country clergy in a smoking-room, and (on this occasion) hear the conversation of the Tories, supported by the drinks of the Radicals. We usually listen to these fulminations under circumstances of greater amenity. But we hear always the same tale. It is a complaint of the luxury and ingratitude of the working classes. They eat salmon out of season. Everything is done for them, education, hospitals, so that they are in reality far better off than middle-class people with moderate incomes. *Suadente* Mr. Lloyd George, they have now added discontent to their other vices. The present labor unrest is quite universally ascribed to Mr. George's speech at Limehouse. "Give him rope enough," is always the formula of consolation, "and he'll hang himself." How this is to be accomplished is never explained, but the pious certainty with which

the sentiment is expressed always strikes us as a beautiful example of the eternal hopefulness of mankind.

Well, country parsons have often themselves a hard struggle to make both ends meet, and far be it from us to be severe upon them. In these remarks we are not so much endeavoring to point out any moral in particular as to call attention to a striking phenomenon of the present day. Farmers—excellent fellows as they are—are naturally less restrained in their language than the clergy. With them these sentiments generally find expression in the utterance of a fervid wish for Mr. George's assassination. "If someone would do for him," we were told the other night during the deal at whist (dear people, who still play the old English game), "If someone would only do for him, it would be a blessed thing for this country." Is it Mr. Lloyd George's fault, we wonder, that whist is played no more, or even that the invading tomato threatens to usurp the place of mint-sauce with roast lamb? Much, no doubt, must be set down to the exasperation caused by having to fill up forms. Here, again, we have considerable sympathy with the complainants. We were recently accosted in the street by an old plain man with a rosy face. "I want your advice," he said, flourishing a paper before us. "I want your advice about filling up a form. Here it is, all flourished over with 'Esquire,' and I don't know what—all to be paid for, and means more to pay. Does the landlord—" "You've asked the wrong man," we broke in. "At the present time we are living under the philosophy of Bergson, in which, I understand, things go straight on. When I am asked to fill up forms I relapse into the philosophy which it superseded, in which things went round:—

'A slumber doth my spirit seal,
It neither hears nor sees,
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks and stones and trees.'

He shook his head doubtfully. "All this comes of Lloyd George's rule," he remarked. Then a merry twinkle stole into his eyes, and a genial smile hovered about the corners of his lips, as a happy thought struck him. "He ought to have been on board that vessel." If that does not break Mr. Lloyd George's heart, nothing will touch that thing of stone. But perhaps he reflects that what certain people say about him, their cousins or aunts also said about Gladstone and Chamberlain, and indeed about anyone who ever did anything for the poor, or is ever likely to do anything in the time to come.

"REMEMBER THE GROTTTO."

In the great peace that broods over a London suburb in August, you may still see surviving a singular medieval ritual. The traffic is stilled. The monotonous streets of houses have shut out the dreary spectacle with their blinds. Only the child-life of the poorer quarters is eager and rampant. School is closed, and by some unquenchable instinct the children forget their modernity. As you hurry past them, bent on completing the tasks which in turn will free you also from the deserted city, a little maid arrests your attention. She has in her hand a saucer, or a tin-lid, or an oyster-shell, and with a quaint blending of mischief and shyness she exhorts you to "remember the grotto." The phrase rings strange if yours is not a Cockney ear. What is the grotto? There it spreads on the footway before you. It is a mysterious and various effort of the imagination. Two or three little girls with a solemn and subject boy are sitting round a collection of miscellaneous playthings. There are dolls and teddy-bears, propped like idols against the wall. Their properties are round them, horses and carts and a body-guard of tin-soldiers, with a toy teapot and a cup. A fringe of playing cards makes a colored and heraldic frame to all this whimsical symmetry. In each collection the details vary with the fancy of the owners. But two features are invariable. There are always shells, big and little, simple and

strange, the booty of Margate, or the plunder of the nearest fishmonger's shop. There are always candles, which are lit at the first approach of dusk, to throw upon the shrine their gleams and shadows of mystery. You ask the children, if you are not Cockney born, what is "the grotto," and why is it that they make this odd collection at this time of the year and no other. In vain you will probe and question. It is a ritual which has lost its origin for these children. They shook their heads very gravely, and assured us that "this was always done in the olden time." As to dates and seasons, they were sure that it was the proper thing to do when school closed. But that was all their lore. A promise of a substantial contribution "to the grotto" if they would find out what the old people in their street could tell them, brought no enlightenment. The old people said that the grotto used to be a big high thing, as big as the child herself, but there even the wisdom of the ancients came to its end. What is this degenerate and attenuated ritual with the forgotten meaning and the blurred date?

It is a memory of the pilgrims and crusaders. It is an appeal to a calendar which Protestant centuries have not reformed away in the minds of these children. It is a ritual to a saint whose very name has vanished from their memory. Thus was celebrated "in the olden time" the day of St. James of Compostella, which fell in the old style on August the fifth. With staff and scallop-shell, the pilgrim set out from medieval England to his shrine in Spain, and a believing world, when it could not affront the perils of the Bay of Biscay, improvised his altar in London streets. He was a saint of quite astonishing vitality. He fished in Galilee, and even after his re-incarnation he seems to have gathered oysters on the shores of Spain. His body sailed, they say, from Jerusalem to Corunna, in a ship of marble, like that stone barque in which Anatole France's blessed saint made the voyage to Penguin Island. He had been eight centuries dead when he enlisted in the ranks of the church militant, and with his great sword, on his white charger, slaughtered sixty thousand Moors as he might have dealt with shell-fish. It was not his sole appearance in the field. In Mexico he charged at the head of Cortes's men, if we remember rightly, and one would not be surprised to hear that in our own day he has been seen on the Putumayo, to the great discomfiture of the Indians. Whether from its accessibility by sea, or from the national taste for oysters, his shrine was much frequented by English pilgrims. We do not remember that he ever did anything substantial to reward their veneration. No one ever questioned the prior claim of the Spaniards to his possession; but when you contemplate a mortal feud with any given race, it is as well to propitiate their patron. Certain it is that our forefathers never questioned what Gibbon called the "stupendous metamorphosis" of the Galilean fisherman into the Spanish knight. They wore his livery, and made of his oyster-shell the badge of every pilgrim:—

"And how should I know your true love
From many an other one?
O, by his scallop-shell, and hat,
And by his sandal shoon!"

Long after Compostella had ceased to hear an English tongue, while the chief recreation of a London mob was to bait a Papist or burn a mass-house, it was on August the fifth that the eating of oysters traditionally began in London. Oyster Day is St. James's Day.

There is something romantic and uncanny in the survival of such a tradition as this in the more or less Protestant England of the twentieth century. A memory so obscure seems almost to approach an instinct. One feels as one watches the children light their candles and collect their scallop-shells, almost as one feels when one's dog proceeds to beat down the prairie-grass on the drawing-room hearth-rug. The ceremony has as little to do with contemporary fact in the one case as in the other. But this dim, undecipherable manuscript is itself a palimpsest. We have been to tradition for the commentary. But what, after all, is the grotto? It takes more than a few shells to make a grotto. Why

this invariable name? We seem to hear the faint pattering of unbaptised and fairy feet about this grotto. We know of no cavern at Compostella. The gazetteers talk solemnly of a romanesque cathedral, and flights of granite steps, and wrought-iron gates, but never of a grotto. We seem to catch an unhallowed glimpse of far-off high places, and a clatter of ill-sounding Semitic names—Hittites, Jebusites, and Perizzites. Christian tradition never quite forgot "the nymphs of the woodland caves," and one searches the rocks for the print of Pan's hoofs, even when Leonardo paints his Madonna of the grotto. How St. James and his oysters came to London from Compostella we can dimly understand. How he came to Compostella from Jerusalem is a profounder mystery. Was it chance that identified his cult with the worship of some local deity? And why was it, when he made up his mind to the "stupendous metamorphosis" from apostle to knight, that he appeared in battle with "trappings of scallop-shells" upon his steed? Was the oyster a local totem at Compostella? Or was it a fish god surreptitiously imported by the Philistines? To trace that oyster-shell back from the London pavement to Galilee would be to write half the history of mankind. On what tides of trade and enthusiasm has it not been tossed! In what nets of greed and pride has it not been caught! "Who fished the murex up?" Who brought it first from the East? Was it when "shy traffickers, the dark Iberians came," with their colors like Astarte's eyes? It came and it returned, the sign of way-worn Palmers seeking the East again. Back and forward it has travelled on slow-moving Mediterranean tides, the badge of wandering men, and the scutcheon of militant saints. The candles are lit once more on the pavement like the stars which guided the devout to the saint's bones in the Campus Stellæ. The shell of Compostella lies in the London gutter, and a motor-car crushes it with its wheel. "Remember the grotto!" But, with the dolls and the teddy-bears, with what ghosts and saints and fauns is it peopled!

DEATH'S BROTHER.

As the English—a peculiarly quick and sensitive race, tinged with all the colors of romance—have long cherished a false pride in their reputed stolidity, and have accepted with pleasant equanimity the figure of John Bull as their national sign-board, though he resembles them in no single aspect, so the Americans plume themselves upon the myth that they are dying of nervous energy. They are like the placid ladies and gentlemen who lament their high-strung dispositions with melancholy satisfaction; or like the writers of occasional verse who, under the stress of the artistic temperament, sadly abandon themselves to an occasional peccadillo. The "malades imaginaires" of a comparatively new hemisphere, they remind one of the seaman who complained that he could eat very well, and sleep very well, but "came over all of a tremble at the thought of work." In imagination they love to picture themselves maddening through the forest, impelled by the deplorable passions of the bull-moose; but it is rather the pacific virtues of the fatted calf to which they seem inclined. And if you wish for proof, consider the American newspapers, to what shifts of personality, exaggeration, and sensational outcry they are driven before they can hope to penetrate the placidity of the American public; consider the ghastly hues in which Mr. Upton Sinclair was compelled to paint before he could stir that equable and unruffled blood; or you may have dealings with an American business house, and learn the blessings of elemental calm.

Yet the fiction of America's nervous energy persists and is delighted in. We have just found it again in a characteristic American book called "The Gift of Sleep," by Mr. Bolton Hall (Fisher Unwin). "If there is one thing more than another," says Mr. Hall, "for which Americans are noted, it is 'nervous energy':—

"To this we attribute our notable achievements in science, industry, and literature. To this energy also, or rather to the

misuse of it, may be attributed the dyspepsia, the nervous headaches, the general 'break-downs,' and the suicides so much more prevalent of late years."

These disastrous effects we should rather attribute to the general monotony of American life, the vain attempts to enliven it by extravagance, and the pettiness of local conversation. And we believe America's notable achievement in literature to be due to much the same causes. Whether in essay, poetry, or fiction, that achievement, which is certainly notable, has chiefly consisted in raising common sense and commonplace to a higher power than usual. Read Emerson, Whittier, Miss Mary Wilkins, or other of their best writers again, and you will find it so.

Or take this very book on Sleep. We have called it characteristic of America, because it breathes the ruminating spirit of repose. Like a chewing cow, it ingeminates peace with continual repetition. Like a sleepy stream, it meanders along a course that hastens not to any ocean. Here is nothing to startle or affright—nothing but judicious advice and mellow reflection following in train, as one autumnal day succeeds another. The stories are as familiar as recurrent night, the moralising as trustworthy as the courses of the sun and moon. We are troubled by no harsh and violent distinction between greatness and mediocrity, between the music of the spheres and of the parlor. Side by side with Wordsworth and Keats, we find Mr. Charles H. Crandall, Miss Dora Read Goodale, and Mrs. Tighe, indiscriminately conjoined in appropriate quotations. Words cannot express the restfulness that steals over the spirit as it browses through page after page of such sentences as, "Love with your whole heart, and live according to reason, and you will win the prize of sleep, and happiness and length of days shall be added thereunto"; or again, "Neither to acquire wealth nor to possess it can bring happiness or peace."

In a book composed of such sentences there lies, we think, the very essence of American wisdom, and, perhaps, no one who has not been rasped, harassed, and fretted by the paradox and mental adventure of the Older World can fully appreciate its soothing and beneficent influence. Like the armored sentries outside the Horse Guards, or like the everlasting hills that so slowly decay, it restores our faith in permanence and security. So long as such wisdom abides and is chronicled and bought, we feel assured that seed-time and harvest will continue, nor will the foundations of society be shaken, as politicians and editors sometimes apprehend. The very familiarity of the sounds induces a somniferous comfort, like the sermon of a preacher whom thought and life have never troubled. And (as the book itself, like a murmuring rill, reiterates from page to page) who can overestimate the value of sleep, or how can we adequately repay the benefactor who bestows it on his beloved brethren? Without having recourse to Mr. Charles H. Crandall and Mrs. Tighe, we all know many beautiful things that have been said about sleep. It is "Nature's soft nurse," "sore labor's bath," "balm of hurt minds," "chief nourisher in life's feast," "the season of all natures." That whole drama of "Macbeth" is the very tragedy of sleep and sleeplessness. And we know that sleep is "a gentle thing, beloved from pole to pole"; it is the "soft embalmer of the still midnight"; it is a "timely dew"; it loves "to sit in meekness, like the brooding dove"; it is the "blessed barrier between day and day, dear mother of fresh thoughts and jovous health." "Dear Bosom-child" we call it, and "Balm that tames all anguish." We pour blessings on the man who first invented it, and we believe it to be God's particular gift to those whom He loves. There is no end to the exquisite things that the most beautiful minds have said about sleep's beauty.

And yet, sleep is no other than a passing death and a temporary extinction. "It is that death," as Sir Thomas Browne affirmed, "by which we may be literally said to die daily; a death which Adam died before his mortality"; nor did that religious physician dare to entrust himself to sleep without his prayers, bidding a half-adieu unto the world, and taking farewell in a colloquy with God. Of which dormative colloquy, need-

ing no other laudanum, he has left us the complete rhyme, containing these simple verses:—

"Sleep is a death; O make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die;
And as gently lay my head
On my grave, as now my bed."

In almost the same words, the villagers in our churches sing on Sunday nights:—

"Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed."

Yet no one, except the melancholic and the morbidly disposed, transfers the eulogies of bed unto the grave, or cherishes a death's head as a bosom-child.

Why should we who long for Death hardly once a lifetime, and spend all our days continually struggling to avoid him, make a fuss over sleep who is Death's brother, and lavish endearments upon unconsciousness almost as deep as the tomb's? It may be said that sleep is a necessity of existence, and an essential medicine for our body's health. And so it is; in Chaucer's praise of sleep, he expressly mentions its service in promoting digestion. But we do not fondle the circulation of the blood, which is also a necessity of existence, and there are many other aids to digestion upon which no one writes odes, except the advertisers. Were it not better, then, to take sleep's daily dose as some take Harrogate waters, and say no more about it? Or, if it be argued that sleep, like morphia, induces oblivion of pain, why, so does death. Like death, it banishes pleasure also, and only the happiest lover, escaping half its deadly penalty, can say, "I sleep, but my heart waketh." We desire sleep for the sick, the raving, the screaming child, and the tedious guest, partly for their sake, just as we would give them salts to improve their condition; but we desire it chiefly for our own advantage, that we may have peace, and we are not so inhuman as to wish them dead.

Consider the sleeping man, whether in church, railway carriage, or bed-chamber, how imbecile he sits or lies! Helpless and deprived of sense, breathing like a sea monster, his eyes sunken, his mouth most likely open like an idiot's, quite chap-fallen, exposed to every onslaught of ridicule, robbery, or assault, his head full of the most foolish dreams, which on awaking he will immediately forget, or by repeating will cause the most hideous form of boredom to his friends; a mere body, semi-animate, a substance bereft of spirit, an uninspired carcass, a lump of dough unleavened, the empty case of self, an undirected instrument, a derelict unsteered, the mud of mere mortality, untouched by God's vivifying finger. If only he would wake, what joy and enlightenment might be his! In church, what study of architecture, good or bad; what imaginative contemplation of his fellow mortals around him; what ironic opportunities; what meditation upon eternal verity! In the train he might discourse upon the bird season and the crops, picture himself an amateur poulterer like the rich, or share the blithe peasant's interest in sun and storm; while outside the window are extended before his gaze such dissolving views of reality as he would pay hard money to behold idly reflected by a cinematograph. Nor as he lies, a senseless clod upon his bed, does he care that just outside the window a summer night is passing, the pageant of morning flies its gold and crimson banners in the east, or, under the glitter of stars, the fields and roofs stand grey in purifying snow.

Sleep, therefore, being but a necessary evil, let us make as light of its silly and cumbersome inactivity as we may. Instead of composing odes in praise of isolated stupefaction, and eulogising the immersion of self in the haunted limbo of imbecility, let us rather emulate that Egyptian King to whom, as though in mockery of his father's everlasting pyramid, the oracle foretold but six more years of life. Whereupon he caused myriads of lamps to be made, and whenever night came, he lit them all, and drank and enjoyed himself, ceasing neither day nor night, but wandering to deep meadows and groves, or wherever else he heard the pleasantest places in the world might be. And by this device, living free from daily death for all the time allowed him, he cheated the oracle, and out of six years he made twelve. Perhaps

so complete a success is possible only for kings, who in any case sleep uneasily in their crowns; but we may pursue that royal example as far as in us lies, yielding to the folly of unconsciousness only in extremity, enacting our Antipodes, and after midnight has passed, being up with the hunters in America, if, indeed, the hunters in America are ever up.

A YEAR OF WEEDS.

THE ruin of the hay crop is by no means the only damage that our summer of rain has done to the land. Roots might have made up for the loss of the hay if it were not that there has never been a dry day at the right time for hoeing the weeds. On land approaching the consistency of clay, it has been impossible to undertake this important item of culture, and the last brilliant summer—the best for fallowing in several score of years—has been completely negated. The young clovers languished in the severe drought of April and May, and the rains of June, July, and August have brought their enemies, the weeds, completely above them. Cultivated land of every kind is yellow with charlock. Its golden blossoms fill the air with the sweetest of floral scents, but they are worse than “unprofitably gay.” They and the purple knautias, the white moon-daisies, the scarlet poppies, the crimson knapweeds, the blue corn cockle, the creeping thistle, corn buttercup, and black bindweed are all “cheats,” as the common name specifically declares Virgil’s *infelix lolium* to be. Robbers of standing-room, of sunlight, and of chemical nourishment, they are not only despoiling the crops of this year, but establishing themselves against the culture of many years.

Whence come all these “weeds of cultivation,” and why is it that they have such special aptitude for ousting everything that we most wish to grow? They are not the wild things of the English countryside, pressing in to recover the heritage from which we tried to evict them. Wherever a field has been abandoned, it is not the groundsel, the dead nettle, the poppy, or even the thistle that prevails against the wild denizens of our land. They flourish for a time, and are then completely overwhelmed by the herbs that go to make up grass land. That is the fate that overtakes any alien plant that we try to naturalise in waste places. Thousands of experiments have been made with seed or grown plants, and all have come to nothing. A second generation may appear, but it is of dwindling strength, is succeeded by a still more exiguous following, and the alien line perishes. From that it seems fairly arguable that the great bulk of our “weeds of cultivation” have been brought into the country in seed samples and by other means, and live solely by their special adaptation to prey upon the fellow-alien which, for the most part, we cultivate for our food.

The origin of these undesirable immigrants is usually lost. That of comparatively recent arrivals is sometimes preserved, as in the case of the perfoliate *Claytonia* and the cress known as “Thompson’s curse.” In 1809 the defeated expedition against the Island of Walcheren disembarked at Ramsgate, and from the straw of their mattresses, stuffed in the Netherlands, sprang the first seedlings of the whitlow-pepperwort, soon to be known in Thanet after the farmer whose land it first assailed as “Thompson’s weed,” and later, as it waxed in viciousness, as “Thompson’s curse.” It has since wandered far and wide, scaling the Downs, the Chilterns, the Cotswolds, and colonising wherever human disturbance has given it more than an equal chance against our native flora. Who can doubt that our humble and beloved scarlet pimpernel, or “poor man’s weather-glass,” the blue succory called by the Germans “watcher by the wayside,” the corn marigold, and many other weeds found chiefly or exclusively on cultivated land, have wandered here as camp-followers to the good things in whose favor we make our land bare of the flowers of Nature’s planting?

The way of the weed is humility. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the ploughed field. An

adept in weediness is the soft thistle, pronounced after centuries of familiarity “sow thistle.” If you go to pull it up, it does not prick the hands or struggle. It is all softness and acquiescence. Its hollow stalk snaps with a melancholy “pop,” and you are at liberty to imagine that you have destroyed it. But the root sprouts new leaves, three new seed-stalks for the one that has been removed, and at a busier time of the year, when you cannot attend to it, the sow thistle sends off its myriad flying seeds. The creeping thistle gives up even more. You have it apparently, root and all, but an inch of rootlet left in the ground will send forth horizontal runners, sprouting heads at intervals, till square yards are purple with blossom, then hoary with seed. The wet weather suits their ramifying, and even preserves in perfect health the weeds we have uprooted and thrown down. The roots turn down again, the branches turn up, and the progress of their mischief goes on unchecked. They can fruit almost without sunshine, and so far is the rain from being a hindrance at flying time that it helps the seeding. The thistle-blows that we see flying high and far on a sunny day are but empty balloons. If the seed drops a few yards away into moist soil, the mischievous ambition of the thistle is abundantly satisfied. The full effects of this summer’s “dirty” fields will be seen in other years.

Mostly creeping these “cheats” are. If you pull up a buttercup that is strangling a garden favorite, you find that it has runners in every direction, and that at every six inches or so the runner puts out roots to anchor a fresh plant. The whole rockery seems to be colonised with a single plant. Each colony will “cut the painter,” and become a ramifier very deeply rooted next year. To plants of such habits, it can matter little whether seeds are set or not. A thousand seeds will scarcely result in ten successful plants, whereas the twenty rooted plantlets on a single runner are all certainties. The lesser bindweed is equally rampant. All the unbidden verdure of a garden patch may belong to a single parent root, buttoned in with a hundred runner rootlets. If you strip the whole skin off and leave but a particle of white rootlet in the soil, the whole mischief is afoot again. The great bindweed is rooted in the very rocks. It can turn buried branches into roots, and exposed roots into branches with rootlets on them. Its resurgence every summer is as certain as the tides; but it loves wet, as all decent herbs abhor it. Now it twines everywhere—up the highest canes, up the wheat-stalks, and, where nothing else offers, upon itself in a rope of strands. It peers yardlong through the herbage like a greedy snake making straight for its exalted goal in a manner not accounted for in Darwin’s investigation concerning climbing plants. There are no leaves on these ropes of adventure till the tall victim is found. Then the bine ascends with joyful speed, leafing abundantly, opening its big white flowers, and dropping its seeds thirty feet from its place of origin.

Pulling up lately a mass of innocent-looking weeds, we were shot in the face with thousands of little pellets. At a touch on the stalk the ripe seed-pods burst, sending the seeds five or six feet away, so that they might conquer new territory. There is no need to name the artillerist, for a dozen well-known plants have this method of spreading their progeny. Other dozens stick their burrs on our trouser-legs or skirts, or on the pelt of animals, others have seeds that hop and crawl along the ground, others float down the stream and are stranded from flood-water, some stick to the feet and even the feathers of birds, and fly over continents. Yet no trick is so successful as that of merely growing with the wheat, ripening with it, and being harvested with it, getting into the seed sample, and waiting till it goes out again to be sown. Thus the weeds are actually sown, tended, harvested, and re-sown by man. The weeds of cultivation are actually cultivated weeds, unconsciously selected by the husbandman for their exact keeping of time with the consciously cultivated crops, for the size of seed that can best escape the winnower, and for fitting the same culture that is given to the crops they rob. To these

accomplishments they add a diabolic capacity to exploit the more generous growths, and a hardness that makes a bad season, against which the others struggle at great disadvantage, almost an advantage to themselves. Certainly a year in which man cannot frequently intervene with the hoe on behalf of his favorites against these undesirable aliens is one of great present and future loss to husbandry.

Short Studies.

PERDITION.

THEY looked at each other at last, furtively, like guilty creatures suddenly smitten by a conviction of sin. The firelight showed tears on his wrinkled cheeks, none on hers. Her grey hair, strained tightly back from an over-large forehead, resembled polished granite. Across the shadowy space that divided their chairs the gold rim of her cameo brooch seemed to wink at him impudently. It came back to him with a painful jerk of his memory how he had given her that brooch the day Sammy was born—the cameo had been his mother's, but the gold rim was a new extravagance to express his new joy in paternity. Smiling with pride she had pinned it straightway on the front of her flannel nightgown, and the nurse had removed it lest the babe should prick himself.

"Haden't you better have a cup of tea or something?" he suggested. "It would hearten you up a bit."

"Tea'll not mend matters," she returned with asperity; "there's some matters as are past mending once for all, Ebenezer, and it's as well to know it, and not go flying in the face of Providence and setting yourself up for one as thinks better. I'll never get over this, not if I drink a hundred cups of tea as strong as ever you please; I shan't, and that's flat. Done for me, it has, and I never shall lift up my head again, so sure as my name's Louisa Brigstock. To think as it should come to this, and him as bonny a babe as ever cut his teeth, and his father a minister of the Word, and all! It's cruel hard, Ebenezer."

He shuffled uneasily in his chair.

"Well, well! It's maybe the will of the Lord to try us so sorely."

"Will of the Lord indeed!" Her teeth shut with a snap. "I'll never believe it. What's the Lord got to do with suchlike carryings on, I should like to know? Haven't we kept ourselves righteous before Him all these many years, leading a sober and an upright life as anybody could devise? The Lord never willed as we should be stricken down in our old age and our hopes brought to naught by evil-doers, and the finger of scorn pointed at us. That I will maintain, and stick to it to my dying day. No, you can't convince me, Ebenezer. The Lord's a just man, for all His ways are past finding out. It's devil's work, is this."

Her husband cleared his throat, noisily.

"You must pray for a heart at peace, Louisa," he urged; "you'll find comfort if you look for it in the right place."

"That I shan't," Her voice was shrill with mingled anguish and resentment. "There's no comfort for the likes of us now. This thing's past praying for. I'd never have believed it of our Sammy, I wouldn't. Never! But one thing I do say, and you may mark my words, Ebenezer: he'll never darken this door again, never, not if he was to go down on his bended knees."

Mr. Brigstock stood up.

"Fire's getting a bit low," he hazarded, a little perplexed by her vehemence. "I'd better put a bit of slack at the back, perhaps. You mustn't be hard on the boy, Louisa; he's only young yet."

"He's old enough to know better," she retorted, "and him brought up so careful from a baby. Don't you go making excuses for Sammy, Ebenezer. I'll warrant Sammy knows fast enough that it's sin he's tasting of, running after his neighbor's wife—no better than David and Bathsheba, for shame, and his neighbor

having the law of him and all, as was like to happen, and it in the papers, and everybody knowing and wondering what next. And pray, what'll the deacons have to say, I should like to know? No, I've cast him out of my heart, once and for all. I'll have no son of mine as lives in wickedness, that I won't."

Her lip began to quiver. Mr. Brigstock noticed this symptom with relief. There were occasions when he considered it a woman's duty to shed tears.

"There, there!" he said, kindly. "That's right. You just have a downright good cry, Louisa. It'll do you no end of good. And you mustn't be too hard on Sammy. We've all got to forgive each other our trespasses, the Book says, as we hope to be forgiven. We're none of us saints."

Mrs. Brigstock sat bolt upright.

"Don't tell me!" she protested. "If ever there was a saint that walked the face of this earth, it's you, Ebenezer Brigstock, and I won't have you classifying yourself with Sammy as seeks the company of publicans and harlots. Sammy's a bad boy, and an ungrateful son, and a sinful Christian, and it's no manner of use your calling black white. Black's black, and white you never will make him on this earth. No. He's chosen the road that leads to perdition, and there's no turning back. He's lost, is Sammy. And us thinking we'd make a gentleman of him, and skimping and scraping all those years to pay for his schooling and his college. Oh! it's a sin and a shame to think of! The times we'd have no butter to our bread only on Sundays, and go to bed at eight to save the gas-bill, and never a joint but once a month it might be, and my brown merino turned, I don't know how often, till I was fair shamed to be seen in it again, and every scrap of washing done at home, and never so much as a girl to lend a hand more than of a Monday. Early and late have I toiled and moiled for that boy; I'd have given the clothes off my back and the last penny-piece in my pocket if he'd have wanted them, and welcome, and now for him to go and be a wicked fornicator! O Ebenezer, it fairly breaks my heart, it does. I'd rather see him in his grave. I never thought when I prayed the Lord to spare him when he was so sick with hooping-cough, as he'd grow up to be an evil-doer. You might have fancied he was a little angel, lying there so white and quiet in his crib, with his Sunday toys all over the counterpane."

She broke into sudden passionate weeping.

The Reverend Ebenezer Brigstock stared into the fire. Its flaming heart held a vision of Sammy in cricketer flannels, compiling fifty for the Grammar School on a radiant summer afternoon—was it ten years ago? He shifted his position slightly to escape from the reminder. He wondered what Louisa was thinking of as she wept so bitterly. Probably her mind went back to the day when she shortened Sammy—women usually thought of things like that when they were in trouble. How they had laughed at his fat little feet, struggling to free themselves from their little red shoes! Looking at the clock, he recollected the Wednesday evening service.

"It's about time to be putting on your bonnet, Louisa," he said.

She did not move.

"You oughtn't to forget the house of the Lord because your own's made desolate," he urged.

"I don't know as I'm going," she answered, gloomily. "I haven't missed a Wednesday evening, not since I was upstairs with Sammy, but I'm not going this night. You may say what you like, Ebenezer."

"Well, I'll just fetch your things," he smiled; and a minute later she heard him fumbling in the room overhead.

"He'll never find my bonnet-pins," she thought, and rose to follow. On the harmonium the Congregational Hymnal lay open at the hymn selected for the evening service: "When Israel out of Egypt came"—she glanced at it indifferently.

"There's the bell," she heard Ebenezer call out, "you'd better answer the door. Susie's gone out."

She opened the door to admit Sammy.

"I'm cold and dead tired, mother," he said, pushing

past her into the warmth of the firelit parlor. She followed him, her cheeks burning.

"I thought," she began, and stopped, embarrassed, uncertain how to express what she wished to say.

"Oh, that's done with," he said, impatiently. "I've chucked her; at least, she's chucked me. Comes to the same thing in the end. And I've lost my job, and I'm about cleaned out. Got anything for the prodigal to eat, mother?"

"Haven't you had your tea?" she asked, and struck a match to light the gas. His face, so like a girl's, looked tired and old, there were dark lines beneath his pretty eyes, his tie was awry. He coughed.

"You've been and caught cold again," she exclaimed, feeling inside his coat. "Just as I thought! You've never changed into your flannel shirts, and the weather downright wintry as it is now. You'll be catching your death one of these days with your carelessness, Sammy, and it'll be nobody's fault but your own. Such silly ways! Upon my word, I've no patience with them. I'll just put a hot brick in your bed, and up you go as soon as ever you've had your tea, and I'll give your chest a good rubbing. There's potted shrimps and a nice bit of cold beef, and the kettle'll be boiling in next to no time."

She hurried into the kitchen.

"You've no time to go pottering round now," said Ebenezer, halfway down the stairs, with a beaded mantle over his arm and a bonnet in his hand. "I can't find your gloves, Louisa, but you'll need to hurry. It's over late now. What was the ring?"

"Sammy. I shan't want my things. You don't suppose as I'm going to service, and Sammy here waiting for his tea? Not likely!"

A smell of toasting bread began to pervade the house.

From the parlor came thin sounds of a hymn-tune picked out cautiously on a wheezy harmonium:

"When Israel out of Egypt came—"

ANGELA GORDON.

Letters from Abroad.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—It is several years now since I travelled in Austria-Hungary. My first visit was in the 'nineties, when the Czechs of Bohemia were in almost open revolt against the German system. A press censorship was in existence in Vienna, and for some time the budget of Austria was passed by Imperial decree, owing to Parliamentary obstruction. Hungary, which had not then developed similar troubles, was in a very strong position, and seemed likely to be able to improve her already favorable "Ausgleich" at the expense of her partner. Gradually, however, the Emperor Francis Josef was brought, by political difficulties, to see the necessity for radical changes. The Czechs were partially appeased by new language ordinances, which have put the Czech language on fair terms of equality with the German in Bohemia. Of course, the demand of the Young Czechs for still greater autonomy has not been conceded, but an immense change has been wrought by the reform of the franchise, which has converted a curious patch-work of fancy franchises into a broad, democratic system of manhood suffrage. True, "One man one vote" has not been accompanied by "one vote one value." The German element has secured more than its numerical share of the constituencies. Nevertheless, so far as the electoral basis is concerned, Austrian Government is now democratic, while the Parliament of Hungary is still elected upon a very narrow suffrage, which may fairly be compared with that of England in the eighteenth century.

The first consequence of the change in Austria was that it immensely strengthened the Austrian Ministry in its dealings with that of Hungary. Vienna

can now point proudly to a real Parliament representing the people. Budapest, on the other hand, is conscious that of Hungary's twenty-one millions of population, less than half are Magyars, that this half alone receives any adequate representation in Parliament, and that even of the Magyar adult males only a small fraction possess the vote. Consequently, the political demands of Budapest as against Vienna have failed. The moral authority of the Austrian Parliament has given strength to the Austrian Government, while the Hungarian Government has been discredited by the glaring contrast; and the need for reform has been driven home by the rise of an extra-Parliamentary party of Socialists, whose numerical strength has been proved by great demonstrations in Budapest and elsewhere. Hence at the present moment the Magyar Ministry, representing the ruling families, the small nobles, and the merchant classes, is now engaged, much against its inclinations, in preparing a franchise reform which is expected to be presented to Parliament in the autumn.

From the standpoint of pure democracy, the proposals are not expected to be at all sweeping. Out of the twenty-one millions of people in Hungary, rather more than a quarter of a million are now electors. The new Bill may multiply the number of voters by about five, and there can be no doubt that the constituencies will be so arranged that the Magyars will retain a very great preponderance. Yet the change will be of a most revolutionary character, far more revolutionary than in Austria. And for this reason. In Austria the Ministry depends on the Emperor. It is not a Committee of the Reichsrath. Instead of being made by a majority, it makes one for itself by obtaining the support of various groups. But the Hungarian Ministry, like the British Ministry, is a creature of Parliament. It is responsible to Parliament, and cannot exist against the wishes of Parliament. Hence a change in the electorate which alters the character of the deputies will also alter the character and policy of the Ministry. The popular demand for a reform is real, and the general feeling is that the Government cannot afford to produce a sham measure. We may expect, therefore, that within a year Hungary will cease to be governed on the lines of the old régime. The policy of "Magyarisation" is doomed. The dominant race will have to give more rights to the Slavs, who form more than a third of the whole population.

Of course, the toughest problem of all is that of Croatia, whose unhappy fate has recently found so zealous a champion in Mr. Seton Watson. Croatia is the Ireland of Hungary. It possesses a sort of Home Rule; but the Diet has been dissolved because it will not conform to the ideas of the Ban, or Governor, who is appointed by the Government of Budapest. It is quite impossible, however, that Croatia should be governed much longer according to Magyar ideas. It is much easier to govern Ireland from Westminster than to govern Croatia from Budapest. For there is practically no Magyar population in Croatia, and there cannot be more than a few hundred Magyars in all Hungary who understand the Serb language of Croatia, while of the Croats a mere handful understand Magyar. In other parts of Hungary great efforts are made to teach the Slavs to speak Magyar, and in some districts it is claimed that Magyarisation has been successful, just as Russification has been successful in some parts of Russia. But this plan has not even been tried in Croatia. Magyar officials are only to be found on the railways. The remainder of the Civil Service is carried on by Croat officials, who are unwilling instruments of subjection. In the hands of Mr. Seton Watson the Croatian problem assumes much wider dimensions. He sees that Croatia can never be Magyarised. He sees that the German language is freely used and understood by educated Croats. Consequently, he is led to adopt a view, frequently put forward in Austria, that a greater Croatia might be formed into a third kingdom, united to Austria in much the same way as Hungary is united. One does not, however, see at present that, even with the accession of a new Emperor, a policy which could hardly be effected without civil war is likely to be

originated in Vienna. It is far more likely that the Magyar Government will accompany Franchise Reform with substantial concessions to Croatia. Hungary has nothing to gain by a permanent quarrel with Croatia. She cannot afford to be cut off from Fiume, and therefore she will not give up the control of the main line to Fiume. But, short of that, there is no reason why the Croats should not be allowed to govern themselves according to their own ideas and make what they can of their own country.—Yours, &c.,

H.

Budapest, August 12th, 1912.

Letters to the Editor.

"AN ESSAY IN 'SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT.'"

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The "Essay in Scientific Management" which appeared in THE NATION on August 3rd, is worthy of close study by all trade unionists.

The writer deals lightly—too lightly, I think—with the dangers inherent in the American methods described, as applied to the present phase of industrial development.

These dangers materialised in a very terrible form in the "Scientific Management" adopted by the Pressed Steel Car Co.—a system carried to its logical extreme and smashed by the great McKee Rock Strike of 1909.

In 1907 the men employed by the company worked under ordinary piece-work rates.

During a period of slack trade, the firm thoroughly overhauled their machinery and established "a 'track' system by which even a crude working force practically drives itself in turning out cars, and a pooling system of payment which keeps the labor cost per car within a fixed charge to the company, and which unloads the hazards of lost time and mistakes in construction largely upon the men."*

The "man with the stop-watch" and the expert went through each process, fixing the exact number of men required to complete each step in uniform time—say twenty minutes—and grading the steps till they became small fractions of the whole process.

The firm boasted that they could turn an immigrant into a rivetter within a month†; in other words, they had reduced a skilled workman's job to that of a machine operator.

When trade revived, the system was speeded up—the great sheets of steel are piled up and placed on the "track" by electric cranes, and pass rapidly from shearers to heaters and pressers, markers and punchers, fitters and rivetters, and roll off the other end a completed car-body.

The "track" employed about 380 men, split into three pools. The men were shown—by experts—that a bonus would be given to the pool, which would increase each man's wages in proportion to the speed at which cars were turned out.

It is obvious that if the men at the 6th step are slow, they keep No. 7 group waiting, and also block No. 5 group—in fact, they hold up the "track."

An accident, defective material, or the careless direction of a foreman has the same result; the whole loss of time and material falls on the pool, as wages are paid on the work of finished car-bodies only.

The McKee Rock workmen found it was impossible to check the work done or the number of hours worked by each man in the pool. Despite the theoretical bonus, their wages decreased in amount; it was freely alleged that graft was common, that foremen and book-keepers put dummy names on the wage list and pocketed dummy's share of the pool. During the strike the firm admitted that they had effected a cut of 10 per cent. to 15 per cent. on the piece-work prices of 1907 when they introduced the new system. *This the men had been unable to detect, and had given the system credit for the whole of their reduced wages.*

In detail the reductions were sensational. For example: "One pressman who had been five years at the works told me he earned \$50 to \$60 in a fortnight [under the 1907

conditions], but his last few pays ranged from \$22 to \$23"‡ [in the fortnight].

Other aspects of the strike—lack of organisation at the start, overcome by 5,000 people—mostly Slavs—speaking ten different languages; vengeful evictions of strikers from company's houses; retaliation by maddened men; burnings and shootings—are not germane to this discussion; but one point of significance may be emphasised.

The system was first tried upon unorganised immigrants, the strike was instigated and led by them, but they were loyally supported by all the American workmen in the employ of the firm, who were still working under the 1907 piece-work rates.

The strike ended by the firm conceding practically all the demands of the strikers—a return to the 1907 piece-work prices, the pooling system modified by the fixing of a minimum wage, all graft and deductions stopped, and a new system of employing men.

The workman's instinct to suspect and fear all these efficient systems imposed upon him for his good is a sound one, having its roots in the practical experience of thousands of his fellows, and he will be well advised to contest every inch of the way unless and until he is able to command equally scientific safeguards for his health, happiness, and liberty.

I agree with the writer of the essay, that we cannot prevent the coming of new methods and of improved machinery, but we can be a great deal more enthusiastic and purposeful to subordinate these things to the place they ought to occupy in our national life; to humanise industry; to secure public control of the surplus value, and to expend it in such a way as shall give each worker the chance really to live a jolly, wholesome life after his fair day's work is done.—Yours, &c.,

MARGARET E. BONDFIELD.

8, Denman Drive, Hendon, N.W.

August 12th, 1912.

"WHAT WAR WITH GERMANY WOULD MEAN."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Your admirable article on August 3rd on "What War with Germany would Mean" is as true as it is trenchant; it ought to be spread wide and read by everyone. Its argument will not be contested by German or English thinkers. Your picture of what must happen here if a war with Germany lasted more than a few days will be, and indeed is, accepted by those Germans who unhappily alone count at present, as simply parallel to the disasters which similarly would overwhelm Germany—her commerce paralysed, her industries dislocated, her very existence as a great Empire trembling in the balance. But the German deduction is this: Every effort, every national sacrifice, must therefore be made and endured in order to make sure that if a war does come, it shall be short, decisive, and successful. Unless convinced that an overpowering onslaught of her Navy on an anxiously elaborated scheme definitely aimed and with all contemporaneous chances in its favor is practicable, there never will be any military attack upon us by Germany. So much is certain. A knowledge of the inevitable fatal consequences of a prolonged struggle is admittedly the root and core of German strategy. Once convinced that nothing else is possible in a war with Great Britain, the present wasting tension of the armament campaign must gradually cease. But, on the other hand, there seems no alternative hope, except that in the place of half-hearted, unorganised murmurings, we may get united irresistible protests from the democracies of both nations against their continual spoliation.

At the end of one of the Napoleonic wars, we are told that cavalry horses were bled by the French troopers to provide them with soup. Yet it was to these very horses that their owners looked for "deliverance"—as the Scottish psalms have it. Is not an identically suicidal practice to be seen to-day in Great Britain and Germany, where the burden-bearing masses of the people are being slowly bled white by those who govern them?—Yours, &c.,

GEORGE SCOTT ROBERTSON.

August 10th, 1912.

* Paul N. Kellogg in "The Survey." August 7th, 1909.

† Ibid. p. 667.

‡ Ibid. p. 662.

THE CHURCHES AND PEACE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Mr. Edward Smith, at the close of a letter in last week's *NATION*, speaks of the responsibility of the churches in the matter of peace and foreign policy. "If we all followed faithfully the teaching of Our Lord and Master," he concludes, "talked peace, pursued peace, wrote for peace, we should soon make war, and the thought of war, unthinkable."

I would suggest that an otherwise admirable sentence suffers from one vital omission. The practical and immediately effective thing we can do is to vote for peace, and if the Churches, to whom above all other organised bodies the appeal should be made, would only realise their power and exert it with the unity and determination that the urgency of the situation demands, the problem of armaments and the fear of a European war might be disposed of in twelve months. It is true that to vote for peace in the abstract means nothing at all—everyone is in favor of it, and so it is never an issue; but therein lies the one hopeful feature of the present situation. It is not at the moment a question of peace in the abstract, it is a question of peace with Germany. The causes that have given the problem that perilously concrete form, it is not necessary to discuss. It is the fact that matters, and the fact remains.

So far the Churches have faced the situation with no better policy than what may perhaps be described in the words of your correspondent as "talking peace." Have they any more effective weapon to their hand? Surely it is obvious that they have. Autocratic as our Foreign Offices may be, in both Germany and Britain, the people are, in the last resort, the masters still. A policy—even a foreign policy—on which the mass of the people are agreed, and on which they express themselves unequivocally at the polls, will be carried into effect. Can the Churches formulate such a policy, and are they willing to back it with a campaign to which every ordinary interest shall be subordinated until its object is attained?

As to the policy, there ought to be no difficulty in arriving at a formula. The unfortunate American Arbitration Treaty might well serve as model. I submit that if the Churches of the two countries could come to such an agreement and determine that their wishes should prevail, their campaign would be irresistible. Nine-tenths of the people would be in sympathy with their objects; nine-tenths of them are already in the abstract. It is the driving force that is lacking—that driving force the Churches can supply.

The electorate of Great Britain is a little under eight millions. Of these, three millions might safely be reckoned as either members or regular supporters of the various religious bodies. That is a formidable force with which to open a campaign. If the campaign were resolutely waged, if pledges were asked of members and candidates, by-elections fought on the policy adopted, a Government defeated if need be, the issue could not be in doubt.

Of course there would be grave difficulties to surmount. A guarantee of the co-operation of the German Churches would be essential at the outset. A dozen grounds of criticism leap at once to the mind, and no one would suggest any active step being taken without long and careful discussion. At the moment it is enough to urge that some such proposal should engage the earnest attention of the Anglo-German Conference that is to meet in London in October.—Yours, &c.,

H. WILSON HARRIS.

Archerton, Park Drive, Hampstead.

August 13th, 1912.

THE SUGGESTED NAVAL LOAN.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—One of your Unionist contemporaries continues to advocate a Naval Loan. But will the great financiers of the world, whose interests are in every country, lend money for such a purpose, and, if not, is it possible to float the loan without them? To what figure would Consols fall if an attempt were to be made to borrow £100,000,000 for such a purpose?

Your contemporary appears light-heartedly to assume that there is practically no limit to Britain's wealth.

The real income probably does not exceed £1,800,000,000 per annum, of which £180,000,000 is expended by the central

Government, and probably £100,000,000 by the various Local Governments, much of it improvidently. Therefore, the condition of the vast mass of the people is now scarcely more than endurable, and under conditions of further taxation will become intolerable. It is not likely that the masses of the people, in order to maintain the prestige of the country ("country" in this context meaning a comparatively small number of wealthy and ambitious persons), will consent to be reduced to a condition little removed from penury. As surely as the huge taxation of the country is unprofitably expended, so surely will the condition of the poor become unbearable.

Is not the chief cause of the unrest in the labor world due to the huge wasteful expenditure, and altogether too ambitious and possibly fundamentally mistaken foreign policy, begun by the Conservatives and maintained by the Liberals?

If our wealth, relatively to that of other countries, be not now so great as it was, would it not be prudent to moderate our ambitions, and should we not be stronger for war under a condition of a vastly reduced expenditure on armaments, leaving wealth in the pockets of the people, to be drawn upon should such a calamity as war overtake us?

Is it not becoming more and more true that the issues of peace and war are in the hands of cosmopolitan financiers?

Again, is it not becoming more and more true that they, having always a regard for their own interests, will veto all wars between so-called civilised communities, and thus render huge armaments ridiculous?—Yours, &c.,

A. HARTHORN STOTT.

The Elms, Bowdon.

August 12th, 1912.

A PRACTICAL STEP TOWARD PEACE.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Can you find room in your correspondence columns during this holiday season for a suggestion that, if adopted, might make for international peace? The suggestion is that the construction of ships of war of all classes, and of all cannon of a certain size (say 4.7 ins. or larger), should, by international agreement, be declared to be a Government monopoly in all civilised countries. The subject is one that might be discussed at the next Hague Conference.

The adoption of the suggestion would do away with almost the whole of the "sinister" (I use the word in Bentham's sense) private interests that make for war. Unquestionably, one of the factors that now make peace more difficult is the "armor-plate" Press of Germany and other countries. The competition of armament firms to secure contracts with Turkey and China—not to mention with America—breeds international jealousy, and directly increases the burden of armaments throughout the world. If nations must arm—and I do not now dispute the necessity—let them do so from their own resources.

For such a proposal help might be expected even from our own militarists. They surely must have qualms at the sight of ships built in Great Britain for possible use against our own sailors.

It would no doubt be necessary to compensate existing armament firms, and buy up some, at least, of their works; also to allow current contracts to be worked out. But the compensation would be cheap compared to the relief that should follow, and individuals would no doubt find compensation by employment either under their own Governments or in the yards that some of the minor Powers would establish.—Yours, &c.,

J. F. W.

August 13th, 1912.

"THE INFLUENCE OF WILLIAM MORRIS."

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—It is not for me to dispute your reviewer's general disapproval of my book. By his angry references to "young intellectualism" (as found in me), and "the fads of 'intellectual drama'" (as found, presumably, in the modern renaissance of the theatre), he appears to be one of those elderly gentlemen who resent the perfectly innocent desire of youth to make its own discoveries. He likes to scold, and I am willing to submit to his scolding with good grace.

But when he passes from the general to the particular, I would submit that he is, to say the least of it, less than just. He consistently blames me for not saying what I have said, and for saying what I have not said.

(a) Your reviewer writes:—

"There is altogether far too much theory, far too little that touches fact. . . . For the personality of Morris counted for much . . . his reply to those who boasted of the application of science to industry, by seeking to demonstrate that the way to happiness lay in the application of art to industry. . . ."

And so on, implying that I have ignored this aspect of Morris. Through the whole of Chapter VI. of my book (and in several other places in other chapters) I discuss this question of Morris's view of industrial conditions, and towards the end of that chapter I say:—

"That was Morris's clear conviction as to the whole question, and the word that he uses to describe the new meaning of work—that is the remedy of all the social evils against which he was in revolt—is art."

(b) Your reviewer writes:—

"And the few pages which Mr. Drinkwater has devoted to the Socialism of William Morris are not adequate to the subject. For . . . his Socialism was not a mere accident of his later years; it was a perfectly natural outcome of his poetic and artistic life."

Implying, again, that I have not understood this. In my book (p. 32) I say:—

"The Socialism that was to enter so largely into his later life was not the result of a sudden access of new feeling, but a further expression, in perfectly logical development, of the mental and spiritual outlook that was substantially unchanged from the first."

And again (p. 198):—

"Art was his gospel, and all his social teaching and activity were but an effort to bring his gospel to pass upon earth."

(c) Your reviewer writes:—

"Mr. Drinkwater has treated his literature too much as if it were something divorced from that fiery and very human personality."

In my book (p. 22) I say:—

"His conception of art, formed in his youth, as the expression of joy in living, as the immediate and necessary outcome of life itself wherever life was full, knew no change to the end. Art was this always to him, and it had no other value. Nothing made by man's hand or brain had any beauty in his eyes unless it expressed this intensity of life which went to its creation. The talk about art for art's sake would have been merely unintelligible to him, because the existence of art apart from life was inconceivable."

(d) Your reviewer writes that "Sir Peter Harpdon's End" is, "with all due deference to Mr. Drinkwater," not "a very good play." In my book (p. 70) I say: "The mechanical part of the technique in 'Sir Peter Harpdon's End' is as crude as it well could be," and I then discuss the play as discovering in Morris an understanding of certain dramatic principles that were rare among the poets of his century, and, in consequence, I am accused of applying to it "the jargon" of "intellectual drama."

(e) Your reviewer mentions Mr. Noyes as alluding "again and again to the 'tapestry-like' quality of Morris's poems," and says that I allude "in similar vein" (i.e., again and again) to the poet's "habit of 'visualising' scenes and of giving excess of decorative color," and comments that in "The Life and Death of Jason" and "The Earthly Paradise" it is "his strength, not his weakness, that has (sic) the faculty of visualising his scenes; just as this faculty makes Homer" . . . &c. My only reference to this tendency as a defect in Morris is on p. 54 of my book, in discussing his first volume, where I also say that the weakness found here in certain lines is one "from which his later work is entirely free." To say that I suggest that the poet's faculty of visualising scenes is a weakness when fitly used, as it constantly is, in "Jason" and the later poems, is preposterous.

(f) Perhaps the most flagrant case of your reviewer's injustice is where he says, as though evolving from his wisdom a circumstance that I had ignored:—

"Much of Morris's power springs from the fact that he is in love with the things and scenes he describes, and he lingers upon the details of them, just as Homer lingered, because they enchant his memory and enter into his imaginative vision. If we can read through these longer poems with delight, and feel

that even the lesser incidents are described in the true language of poetry, this is because the lesser things were never monotonous to the poet himself."

In passages too long to quote (pp. 100-103) I have examined precisely this quality in Morris's poetry, and expressly stated the opinion that your reviewer appropriates as his own.

I could add to these examples of your reviewer's method, but I have said enough. Either these misrepresentations are deliberate, or he has not read my book. In either case I have cause for complaint.—Yours, &c.,

JOHN DRINKWATER.

King's Heath, Birmingham.

August 11th, 1912.

POLICIES OF VIOLENCE.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Violence is openly advocated and practised by many sections of agitators as a justifiable method of attaining political objects—by Orangemen, by Suffragettes, by conquering civilisers, by Syndicalists.

A notable contribution to the debate as to the rightness of this point of view is Mr. Churchill's remonstrance against the Orangemen, published in the Press a few days ago.

He bases his rebuke to these advocates of violence on the plea that, under a democracy, where Governments are put into power only by the votes of the people governed, there is no need nor excuse for violence, but that all ought to show the Briton's traditional "reverence for the laws ourselves have made."

Later on, in this same letter, Mr. Churchill also says that the consciences of the Liberal Cabinet are clear, because they are "striving all they can to make the constitutional and Parliamentary machinery, which is the only substitute for anarchy or despotism, meet the needs of the time and the cry of the people."

Mr. Churchill seems to argue that the wrongness of violence in this case lies in the fact that the violent have constitutional methods of attaining their ends; he seems, later, to admit that those who have not Parliamentary means of pressure, must be driven upon one of two other alternatives, either to resort to anarchy, or to submit to despotism.

This is a strange doctrine for a member of the Liberal Cabinet to preach at a time like the present, when the great mass of Women Suffragists are striving to urge their cause not by violence.

Mr. Churchill has himself stated that he believes women ought to be enfranchised, but so far from striving all he can to satisfy this need of the time, this cry of female people, he seems to have fallen rather into Mr. Balfour's attitude with regard to the kindred question of self-government for Ireland, namely, that nothing must be done because every practical measure is either too small or too large. Such, apparently, is his only reason for refusing his support to woman suffrage, since, after reading his letter this week, one cannot believe that he thinks the violence of a few unrepresented women invalidates the whole claim of women to be freed from the two alternatives of anarchy or despotism by being granted the "only substitute"—proper representation.

But perhaps Mr. Churchill does not admit that there is any "cry" for woman suffrage? Certainly one of the results of non-freedom is a sort of political inertia, even dread of freedom, and a certain inarticulateness among the non-free. But certainly, wherever women are active and organised, whether one looks to the great party political organisations (on the Progressive side, at any rate), or to the body of women working or seeking work in public bodies, or to the Women's Co-operative Guild, or to the Women's Trade Unions, or to the Women's Industrial Council, one finds the overwhelming majority of such women pleading, crying, toiling for the enfranchisement of their sex.

Liberals who ignore and belittle the efforts of such women—and they are almost all made on law-abiding lines—are in fact provoking the very violence which they say (and I, for one, agree) is the great obstacle to the progress of woman suffrage.—Yours, &c.,

E. M. A.

August 13th, 1912.

WANTED, AN "EDUCATION" BILL!

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In 1870, over forty years ago, we accepted certain principles as essential to a modern state. We agreed that all children between five and fourteen ought to attend school regularly. A few years later we made attendance universally compulsory. The theory was that a parent was bound to make his children's education his first consideration, and that that duty lasted till each child attained the age of fourteen. The Act was defended on two main grounds; the first was that since the country had become, or was fast becoming, a democracy, it was essential that the democracy should be educated; the second was that it was to the interests of the State that every child with brains above the average should have a chance of developing them.

That was the theory forty-two years ago, and I have no doubt it is the theory of most Englishmen at the present time. Yet so cleverly have our Education Acts been drafted that not one of the ideas of the original measure is yet realised. A most drastic amending Act is required before we shall attain even the very modest ideas of Mr. Forster and his colleagues.

Attendance is universally compulsory by Act of Parliament. I will undertake to go into any rural school and nearly every town school of over a hundred children and find at least four per cent. away for no valid reason whatsoever. "Mother wanted me to do an errand," or "Mother was washing, and I had to mind the baby," or "Father was hoeing his potatoes, and I had to take dinner." The compulsory clauses are waste paper.

Everyone knows the reason, everyone knows that by an Act of one clause the attendance could be made in practice what it is in theory. The reason of the failure is that we have shown that we do not regard this Act as other Acts. We do not enforce it as we enforce them. The man who neglects to dip his sheep, the man who is disorderly in the street, is summoned before the next Bench, and promptly fined. The man who neglects to send his children to school one day is visited by the Attendance Officer the week after: the Attendance Officer has nothing like the authority of the policeman, the Attendance Officer has to refer the case to the Education Authority, if the neglect is continuous, before any action is taken, and even then a warning notice is the usual course with another interval before the action of the law. An Act that placed the enforcement in the hands of those who enforce every other law would at once secure the same attendance that obtains in Germany or Switzerland. The difference is most marked. When I visited a school in Switzerland there was not a single child absent. In this week I have taught daily in a girls' school of 170 children; there have been always more than thirty absent; on two days there have been forty. Some are fruit-gathering, some are pea-pulling. I will undertake to say that though every person who employs a child of school age is liable to prosecution for even one offence, not one of them will be proceeded against.

Again, there are any number of exemptions before the age of fourteen. The child who passes the labor certificate can leave at thirteen, the child who has made 350 attendances for five years can leave at thirteen. Most schools are open 420 times in the year, so the law actually allows that a child has done its duty if it has not missed sixteen per cent. of its possible attendances. Children are allowed to leave still earlier if they are employed in agriculture. Out of 170 girls and 160 boys not more than a dozen are over thirteen and a half. The great majority leave the very day they are thirteen years of age.

Further, we all agree that it is the clever children who are to have the advantages of education. "We cannot afford," that is the Member of Parliament's phrase, "to allow the best brains of the country to go uncultivated"; and to secure this result we allow the clever children to leave earlier than the dull. If they attain a certain standard they can leave, and naturally the clever child attains it first. It would be far wiser to allow the child who could not learn to leave earlier, and to compel the cleverer one to remain an extra year.

I say that what we want is not a Bill to settle the religious question, though I should be heartily thankful

to see a purely secular solution, but a Bill which would realise the original ideas of the promoters of the Act of 1870. We want (1) that the police should be made the Attendance Officers; (2) that the standard of exemption should be fourteen at the least; (3) that in the case of children who have attained a certain standard an extra year should be made compulsory; (4) that the County Authority should be compelled to open an evening school in every school area. This would be only a beginning, but it would remove some of the most glaring absurdities of the present situation.—Yours, &c., A COUNTRY PARSON.

"THE SUFFRAGETTE MOVEMENT."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In his letter under this heading last Saturday, Mr. D. Henry Rees says many pleasant and flattering things about me, and when at last one has gained an admirer, it goes to the heart to be obliged to enter into controversy with him. But there are one or two points in his letter to which I must take objection.

The first is partly personal. He writes of my "chivalrous knight-errantry" in advocating the political enfranchisement of women. Now, I particularly object to the word "chivalry," because it has come to imply the mood concisely described by a curate whom I once heard eulogising the chivalrous age as "those glorious times, when knights in armor rode about the country rescuing distressed maidens from other people's castles, and bearing them off to their own." Nor do I show any more "knight-errantry" in advocating the principles of democracy in the case of women than I should have shown in advocating them in the case of men at the time of the Great Reform Bill, or of the subsequent Reform Bills of 1867 and 1884.

The principles are the same, and they are known to us all; though, blinded by prejudice or party advantage, our Liberal leaders and Irish Parliamentarians appear resolved to forget or to betray them. And as to the objects of democracy, we hope through it to feel "some reverence for the laws ourselves have made" (a reverence which women, having no voice in the making of the laws, cannot feel); and, as Mr. Winston Churchill admirably said in the letter in which he quoted that line, the other object is "that we may all stand together in the high comradeship of freedom." A fine saying if we did not remember that Mr. Winston Churchill is doing his utmost to exclude half the adult population of our country from that comradeship!

Again, Mr. Rees tells us that when desperate men did violent things, the public was impressed; but that the methods hitherto used by suffragist women have brought political agitation "down to the low level of opera bouffe." Let me warn Mr. Rees that he is here on dangerous ground. He is putting himself in the position of Mr. Hobhouse, who suggested to the women suffragists that their demand would not be taken seriously until castles were burnt and other acts of violence committed similar to the violent acts that preceded the Great Reform Bill. We have seen the result of that incitement. What does Mr. Rees want when he thus sneers at the "militancy" of women who so far have taken no life, though many have given their own? Does he want the violence by which he says desperate men impressed the public? If he does, he can easily get it from desperate women. But he does not want it. Like Mr. Hobhouse, he cannot resist the opportunity for cheap and provocative sarcasm; and, like Mr. Hobhouse and other Cabinet Ministers, he is so blind to the temper of the time that he does not calculate the effect of his provocation.

But the whole point of my former letter was to protest against Dr. Warschauer's clamorous demand for "resolute and condign punishment" as the means of ending the "militant" movement. I tried to show that such means are always advocated by the powers of tyranny and reaction for the suppression of freedom, and that by torture, imprisonment, and execution, they sometimes succeed. But I maintained that such a solution could not be advocated by Liberals, because, in Burke's words, "our measures must be remedial." Mr. Rees tells me that "Dr. Warschauer and his policy of resolute and condign punishment might be left severely alone." I wish I could think so; but the Government seems bent on following Dr. Warschauer's advice. The

monstrous sentence of five years' penal servitude on the two suffragists in Dublin proves it. That sentence was passed, not to fit the crime, for the crime had done hardly any damage, and the occasion was chosen with care to avoid hurting any living soul; the sentence was passed, as, indeed, the Judge avowed, simply and solely to suppress "militancy." A form of rebellion has arisen, due entirely to a long-continued course of injustice and political trickery. The Government has caused that rebellion by deception, by brutal ill-treatment, by dragging every Liberal principle in the dirt, and by the final insult of the Manhood Suffrage Bill. Faced by the rebellion which they have aroused, they have no resource but the resource of all tyrants—the "resolute and condign punishment" which Dr. Warschauer applauds. We Liberals reply that force is no remedy; that our measures must be remedial; or (to quote again, at the risk of tiresome repetition, from that handbook of Liberalism, Burke's early speeches): "The question is not whether their spirit (of rebellion) deserves blame or praise, but what, in the name of God, shall we do with it?"

"We seek to liberate, not to enslave—to conciliate, not to coerce," Mr. Winston Churchill wrote in last Monday's letter, already referred to, and if we Liberal Suffragists could see in Mr. Churchill and his colleagues the smallest intention of acting upon that boast, with what zeal we should support their Government, instead of doing our utmost to destroy it! But in regard to this urgent question of the Suffrage, we see none.—Yours, &c.,

HENRY W. NEVINSON.

4, Downside Crescent, Hampstead,
August 15th, 1912.

Poetry.

DEVIL'S EDGE.

ALL night I lay on Devil's Edge,
Along an overhanging ledge
Between the sky and sea;
And as I rested, 'waiting sleep,
The windless sky and soundless deep
In one dim, blue infinity
Of starry peace encompassed me.

And I remembered, drowsily,
How 'mid the hills last night I'd lain
Beside a singing moorland burn;
And waked at dawn, to feel the rain
Fall on my face, as on the fern
That drooped about my heather-bed;
And how by noon the wind had blown
The last grey shred from out the sky,
And blew my homespun jacket dry,
As I stood on the topmost stone
That crowns the cairn on Hawkshaw Head,
And caught a gleam of far-off sea;
And heard the wind sing in the bent
Like those far waters calling me;
When, my heart answering to the call,
I followed down the seaward stream,
By silent pool and singing fall;
Till with a quiet, keen content,
I watched the sun, a crimson ball,
Shoot through grey seas a fiery gleam,
Then sink in opal deeps from sight.

And with the coming on of night,
The wind had dropped; and as I lay,
Retracing all the happy day,
And gazing long and dreamily
Across the dim, unsounding sea,
Over the far horizon came
A sudden sail of amber flame;
And soon the new moon rode on high
Through cloudless deeps of crystal sky.

Too holy seemed the night for sleep;
And yet, I must have slept, it seems,
For, suddenly, I woke to hear
A strange voice singing, shrill and clear,

Down in a gully black and deep
That cleft the beetling crag in twain.
It seemed the very voice of dreams
That drive hag-ridden souls in fear
Through echoing, unearthly vales,
To plunge in black, slow-crawling streams,
Seeking to drown that cry, in vain
Or some sea-creature's voice that wails
Through blind, white banks of fog unlifting
To God-forgotten sailors drifting
Rudderless to death
And as I heard,
Though no wind stirred,
An icy breath
Was in my hair
And clutched my heart with cold despair . . .
But, as the wild song died away,
There came a faltering break
That shivered to a sobbing fall;
And seemed half-human, after all

And yet, what foot could find a track
In that deep gully, sheer and black
And singing wildly in the night!
So, wondering, I lay awake,
Until the coming of the light
Brought day's familiar presence back.

Down by the harbor-mouth that day
A fisher told the tale to me.
Three months before, while out at sea,
Young Philip Burn was lost, though how,
None knew, and none would ever know.
The boat, becalmed at noonday lay
And not a ripple on the sea
And Philip standing at the bow,
When his six comrades went below
To sleep away an hour or so,
Dog-tired with working day and night,
While he kept watch . . . and not a sound
They heard, until, at set of sun
They woke; and, coming up, they found
The deck was empty, Philip gone
Yet not another boat in sight
And not a ripple on the sea.
How he had vanished, none could tell.
They only knew the lad was dead
They'd left but now, alive and well
And he, poor fellow, newly wed
And when they broke the news to her,
She spoke no word to anyone;
But sat all day, and would not stir—
Just staring, staring in the fire,
With eyes that never seemed to tire;
Until at last the day was done,
And darkness came; when she would rise,
And seek the door with queer, wild eyes;
And wander, singing, all the night
Unearthly songs beside the sea,
But always the first blink of light
Would find her back at her own door.

'Twas Winter when I came once more
To that old village by the shore;
And as, at night, I climbed the street,
I heard a singing, low and sweet,
Within a cottage near at hand;
And I was glad awhile to stand
And listen by the glowing pane;
And as I hearkened, that sweet strain
Brought back the night when I had lain
Awake on Devil's Edge
And now I knew the voice again,
So different, free of pain and fear—
Its terror turned to tenderness—
And yet the same voice none the less,
Though singing now so true and clear;
And drawing nigh the window-ledge,
I watched the mother sing to rest
The baby snuggling to her breast.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

Reviews.

THE ROMAN FEELING FOR NATURE.

"The Love of Nature among the Romans during the Later Decades of the Republic and the First Century of the Empire." By Sir ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, K.C.B. (Murray. 9s. net.)

WHEN the Classical Association honored itself by electing Sir Archibald Geikie its President, that distinguished man of science chose to address its members on the subject which has, happily, tempted him into an expansion, and now supplies us with a most fascinating book. Whether it be true or not that, as Tyndall said, a man better sees the blue of the alpine sky for knowing of what it is made, it is certain that a man of science may be no ill commentator on a great poet. Virgil has found few editors whom he would choose to welcome in the Elysian Fields. How should such a lover of Nature greet a Conington, to whom a comet was no more than a phenomenon which ought not to be encouraged, or a string of annotators who make him sow a French bean in November? And, doubtless, if Virgil will have to tell Sir Archibald Geikie that here and there he has made a slip, the gentle Mantuan will add that the fault lies with those who made it their calling to know and, nevertheless, remained in ignorance. As he had a garland for Sellar and a garland for Henry, so now he twines one for the writer of a book marked by wide knowledge and deep sympathy and, despite its author's disclaimer, generally sound scholarship.

The name of Sir Archibald Geikie naturally makes us turn first to the physical features of Italy and its islands. It is sometimes said that the Roman esteemed his land merely for its productiveness; that the word which, by derivation, meant lovely, and in translations usually appears as picturesque, implied rather the olive and the vine and the fertile furrow than the gushing water or the beetling crag. Men call up Livy to testify that the "most picturesque" district of Italy was the Plain of Campania, Cato to preach that the noblest of occupations was the tilling of the soil, and even the Roman Senate to confess that the only Carthaginian book of which it desired a translation was a treatise on agriculture. The very gods are summoned to admit that they looked after field and fence and garden, and the divinity who cared for the woods that he thought of them merely as the source of timber and billets. Many things prove that this is a one-sided view, not least the fact that to Latin nothing supplies more metaphors than the gush and flow of water. The Roman saw the beauty of the fount before he used it for irrigation. It is, of course, to the poets that Sir Archibald Geikie looks for his proofs; but the poet implies the reader, and there must have been many readers who could re-create the emotion with which Lucretius viewed the varied magnificence of the heavens, or Virgil gazed upon the yellow and swirling Tiber. On the other side, two facts face us. Except the great pair just named, and perhaps Tibullus, there were no Roman poets in such complete sympathy with Nature as to love the country for its own sake. Sir Archibald Geikie, it seems, would add Horace, and perhaps others; but Horace had not this order of mind. We may admit Sir Archibald's claim that he had some eye for a tree, but none of his quotations establish, nor will any quotation establish, a claim that he whom Sir Archibald Geikie oddly calls the Sabine bard is a poet of Nature. The country to him was a place of health and rest, an escape from the hot streets, from the bustle and the bore and the snob, and all the inanities of Roman etiquette. The plane tree to him was a plane tree, and it was not much more. It is to Virgil that we must look, if we can look to any Roman, for a mind

"wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion."

Our other fact is the limit of a Roman poet's love for Nature. He loved to look at the sea, and sometimes at the mountains; but he did not love to be on either. His dislike for a sea-voyage may well be explained by the quality of his ships. The satirist declared that only in the pursuit of an illicit love could a fine lady of Domitian's Court tolerate the smell of the bilge-water; and a voyage in bad

weather brought the delicate frame of Virgil to its grave. To love the mountains is a thing of yesterday. Sir Archibald Geikie thinks that even Virgil never lingered on the Apennines; but the poet must have seen on the range of Sila the bull-fight which he describes, and must have been at some altitude when he studied the highest Apennine peak. When, by a magnificent exaggeration, Æneas, charging Turnus, is compared to certain mountains, editors see in one of them the whole of Italy's great range; but surely "Father Apenninus" must here be the Gran Sasso, and Virgil must have been upon the mountain when he heard the rustling of its holm-oaks.

On Virgil's exact observation of Nature, we would refer especially to two passages in this volume. In one the author amply justifies the poet's epithet of "black" as applied to certain sands. The storm, as described, was witnessed, he believes, "by Virgil on a part of the Bay of Naples where the shore-sand is black from the trituration of the dark lavas of the district." In the other passage, Sir Archibald Geikie gives a subtle analysis of the passage in which Virgil compares the alternate advance and retreat of the Latins and the Trojans to the forward and backward tumult of the wave. He quotes Tennyson's less adequate phrase of "the scream of a madden'd beach," but does not refer, as he might, to Sophocles and Matthew Arnold.

On the physical features of Italy there are only two passages in which we venture to doubt our author's interpretation. Virgil, in a line which Goethe described as adding a new glory to Nature, spoke of the Lago di Garda as "surging with the billows and tumult of the sea." Sir Archibald Geikie thinks that he saw the lake "when the winds from the mountains were sweeping down upon the water." Our own observation would rather ascribe the phenomenon to the south wind which usually blows in the afternoon, and drives the waters into the narrow end of the lake. Goethe also seems to have been a witness in the afternoon. Again, Horace describes the River Garigliano as "biting" the fields. Sir Archibald Geikie refers to the tendency of water, even when gently gliding, "to corrode and remove the surfaces over which it flows." Is not Horace here more exact in his choice of a word? What the Garigliano does, in part at any rate of its course, is to undermine its banks and leave a hanging cornice.

In botany and ornithology, Sir Archibald Geikie is not quite so sure a guide. He follows the lexicons, and does some injustice to his poets. The kidney-bean is an American, and, if Virgil had known it, he was too good a gardener to sow such a tender creature in the autumn. His plant is the calavance, known in Italy as *fagiolo dall'occhio*. Again, *ornus* is not the rowan or mountain-ash, but a much larger tree. Our chief authority holds it to be the manna-ash; but a claim may be put in for our forest-ash. Lastly, it is not parsley but celery that grows in wet places and on green banks. How far the Romans distinguished the different species of *hirundo* is not clear. Sir Archibald Geikie rightly defies the lexicons in making the martin, not the swallow, build under the eaves. He has failed to observe that the bird whose movements Virgil describes in a famous simile is not the swallow, but the swift. The description begins with the epithet of "black," and it is in Virgil's manner thus to distinguish. As far as he could, he anticipated the Linnæan classification by genus and species. No one who has seen the swifts careering round the piazza at Volaterra can doubt this identification. It follows that "screams" rather than "twitters" should be the translation of Virgil's verb.

Sir Archibald Geikie judges that the Roman of the period with which this book deals, "though his devotion to Nature was less comprehensive and intense than its representative has grown to be in the modern world," yet had a warm affection for the phenomena of the land of his birth, and the seas which beat upon its shores. Into his own work Sir Archibald has put some of the charm of a long life well spent. Italy has memories no less beautiful than her hills and springs, and the man of science may deal with the happiest of those memories. It is well for him that he can ignore the stains with which man has sometimes defiled a land that calls for his love.

A few of the references call for correction. For instance, on page 64, "Georgics" should be "Eclogues," and the same error occurs elsewhere.

CATHOLIC ÆSTHETICS.

"The Sacred Shrine: A Study of the Poetry and Art of the Catholic Church." By YRJO HIRN. (Macmillan. 14s. net.)

WHEN a second edition of this book is called for, which will probably be soon, it would be well that it should be revised by a competent Catholic liturgiologist. A non-Catholic writer, dealing with so technical a subject as ritual, inevitably falls into certain technical errors. Those which occur in "The Sacred Shrine" are, for the most part, trivial; and affect neither the argument nor the value of the work. But they give a handle to controversialists, and it would be easy to avoid them, to bring the detail of the book into harmony with its idea. This idea is happily conceived, and has been worked out in a manner at once scholarly and scientific. "The Sacred Shrine" is an important and even a memorable work. In its conception a study in æsthetics, it has developed into a treatise on comparative religion; in no book available to English readers has the secret of Catholicism found such true expression as here. The ground covered is large. The study of religious art led to that of the mythology underlying it; and this to an inquiry into the dogma out of which both rise. What economics are to the statesman, æsthetics are to the speculative thinker:—

"What the artists have represented and the poets sung has, in many cases, shown itself as a working-out of æsthetic motives lying hidden in the theological system of thought. Catholic doctrine is rich in poetic possibilities, and it has even occurred to the author that the doctrine itself results from a speculation which in great measure was directed by æsthetic aspirations. In the purely theological writings of the Fathers of the Church and of the Ascetics, one seems able continually to trace effects of an artistic creation, which is none the less significant, although it is unconscious and unintentional. Thus from some great and common principles it should be possible to explain a production which remains homogeneous in its character, notwithstanding that it expresses itself in such heterogeneous forms as dogmas, poems, and pictures. This is what has been attempted in the present work, which, having begun as a description purely of æsthetic and literary history, has developed into a synthetic treatment of the æsthetic characteristics of Catholic mentality."

In the persistence of these characteristics lies the key to that vitality of Catholicism which perplexed the robust common sense of Victorian Liberals. "Believe in the Pope?" exclaimed Arnold—"I would as soon believe in Jupiter!" Yet, as he said it, the Oxford Tract Movement and the Catholic revival were at the door. "The Catholic Church," in Mr. Hirn's words, "is a Middle Age which has survived into the twentieth century";—because the medieval mind survives. The scientific conception of the world is fatal to it; but this conception spreads slowly; it has not reached—it is possible that it never will reach—the average man. Civilisation has not left him untouched; but it has touched him only on the surface. He remains in the theological stage, conceiving life much as primitive man conceived it; such notions as law, cause, proof, &c., are foreign to him; he lives disjointed and piecemeal in a connected world. And Catholicism appeals to him just because of this division in his nature; because "it unites in itself elements from the lowest and the highest forms of belief." This is not in itself a defect; it may even be said to be an advantage; it is mischievous only if the practices and beliefs of the past preserved in it are prejudicial to higher interests; and to discuss this would take us on to controversial ground. But, when politicians assure us that a recrudescence of Catholicism is out of the question, they deceive themselves. Were Bunyan alive to-day, he would not describe Giant Pope as decrepit; he is vigorous, and will remain so as long as the medieval mind survives.

Mr. Hirn's point of view, which is artistic rather than speculative or ethical, enables us to grasp the distinctive note of that modern Catholic propaganda, Anglican as well as Roman, which sits loose to dogma and even to observance, resting its claims on the alleged æsthetic fact that Catholicism, and Catholicism only, gives us a complete synthesis of the religious experience of the race. The conception is too foreign to the normal English mind to be easily intelligible; but

"If, once for all, we put aside the question of truth, we are justified in judging theological constructions as purely

æsthetic phenomena; that is to say, we can regard the Catholic Mass-doctrine and the cult of the Madonna as a poem, into which the faithful have introduced their ideas of the union of infinity with what is earthly. Such æsthetically philosophic systems as the Catholic doctrine of the Mass and the Madonna could only be developed during a period which did not recognise the right of doubt or criticism in the presence of that in which a divine revelation was seen. The medieval scholastics knew—with an enviable certainty—all that men needed to know about life and the world. To us, who know nothing, their views can give no answer concerning the idle questions of thought. As regards their intellectual import, we cannot, from the Church's doctrines, draw knowledge of anything save the strays of the human mind. But Catholic dogma can be regarded also as something other than a theory. By all the artistic production germinating in the life of faith, and by all the unconscious and unpremeditated poetry concealed in the theological structures, the early Christian and medieval view of life has something to say even to an agnostic inquirer. It is not entirely dead, because it has been something more than an edifice of thought; that is to say, because mental longings and bodily attitudes of devotion and veneration have been immortalised in the living and visible forms of art."

The ceremonial of the Mass is traced through the various provinces of architecture, decorative art, and dramatic action; the cult of the Madonna through its various embodiments in color, form, and verse. The connection between the altar and the relics of the martyrs, on which it was originally erected, and which to this day it enshrines, is followed up with acute research and originality. All the forms adopted by relic worship have their exact correspondence (it is pointed out) in the system of sympathetic magic; contact, similarity, the theory of a material efflux or emanation, are found in each sphere. Popular devotion has never fallen into line with speculative theology, whose exactness is foreign to its rank exuberance. Transubstantiation—e.g., as taught by St. Thomas—is a highly abstract, not to say attenuated, doctrine. The miracle involved affects the substance, not the accidents or phenomena, of the Eucharistic species, and "What do I know of substance?" asks Cardinal Newman, the answer being: "Just as much as its greatest philosophers; and that is, nothing at all." But Transubstantiation, as held by the average Catholic, is materialistic in a high degree: "It cannot be denied," observes Mr. Hirn pertinently, "that there is something heretical in most of the popular stories of the relation of the saints to the Sacrament." A scholastic sermon on the Eucharist would be thought undevout, not to say heterodox; piety wants a thing, not an idea. The same holds good in other subject matter. The popular theology of the Trinity is Tritheism; that of the Incarnation Docetism; and to those whose spiritual life has been nourished on these extravagances the formal teaching of the Church would seem Sabellian or Arian as the case might be. It is in the popular rather than the scientific theology, however, that the æsthetic values, which Mr. Hirn agrees with certain neo-Catholics in estimating so highly, are to be found. Must we not fall back with Plato on the "ancient feud" between poetry and philosophy? and escort the poet, with respect indeed, but with firmness, beyond the frontier of our ideal State?

CLASSIC AND ROMANTIC.

"English Literature, 1880-1905." By J. M. KENNEDY. (Swift. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN the course of his book, Mr. Kennedy makes it perfectly clear that he has not proposed a history of English literature for the period he is discussing, nor even a general survey of it. Had that been his intention, he would hardly have omitted Stevenson, Henley, Kipling, Shorthouse, Jefferies, Hardy, and Conrad, some of whom are mentioned, but not discussed. It is hard to reconcile some of these omissions even with his avowed object, which is "to deal with the dynamic movement in English literature during the last generation." The explanation is that Mr. Kennedy's avowed object is not the same as his real object, which is to apply the principles of his "Tory Democracy" to such literature as may be twisted to his argument. In that book he upheld the thesis that "the commercial classes—who in England, of course, are almost entirely comprised within the middle classes—being materialists, seek, almost uncon-

sciously, an idealistic philosophy, or an idealistic religion, as an antidote to, or as a brake upon, their everyday instincts." The things that Mr. Kennedy particularly detests are Liberalism, Christianity (more especially in its Protestant forms), Idealism, Science and Reason, and Platonism. All of these things are for him attributes of "Romanticism." The things that he particularly admires are Tory or Nietzschean aristocracy, atheism, "imagination," Aristotle—and all the qualities which he includes under the word "classicism." Thus "Romanticism" is a convenient middle term connecting anything which Mr. Kennedy dislikes with the middle-class materialist, whilst "classicism" serves the same purpose on the other side. By this curious process, George Gissing and John Davidson emerge as "classicists," whilst Mr. Bernard Shaw, "despite his wide knowledge and open-hearted cynicism, remains a romanticist."

The terminology is confusing, especially to those who, having, in any case, little affection for the terms "classicism" and "romanticism," may desire at least that they should keep their accepted meanings. We agree with Mr. Kennedy that "we must come to an understanding regarding the use of the words 'classicism' and 'romanticism,' which are now, like so many other terms, in danger of being abused by careless thinkers." This is how the author explains himself:—

"When we speak of classic work we mean, or should mean, work modelled on the style of the best Greek and Latin authors: works in which the ideas expressed are correctly moulded to the form of their expression, in which the thoughts are clearly and simply outlined, and in which certain definite artistic canons are strictly adhered to. . . . We must follow not merely the letter of the ancients—for we shall attain no particular end if we do—but their spirit: we must definitely assume that the spirit of the Greek and Latin authors is our highest literary ideal."

Now, this is not the sense in which the term "classicism" has been used in opposition to "romanticism." When the German and French romanticists rebelled against "classicism," they were not rebelling against the "spirit of the Greek and Latin authors"; they were rebelling against the formalism, the strict conventionalism, the pedantic adherence to artificial rules which had been derived from a misapplication of the "Poetics" of Aristotle to modern European literature. In France, Corneille, Racine, and Boileau had established traditions of form from which it was heresy to depart. Pope in England was the classical model whom poets were bidden to admire and emulate. The rebellion against stereotyped and cramping forms of literature, the assertion of the right of the artist to invent new ways of expressing his imagination, won for itself the name of "romanticism." Coleridge himself, the conspicuous champion of "romanticism" in England, was the first Englishman who adequately explained, what as a poet he had already illustrated, the claims of "imagination" in literature. It was for the rights of imagination to find a proper outlet in art that the English romanticists especially stood. But Mr. Kennedy says that "imagination" is an exclusive attribute of "classicism"!

Evidently Mr. Kennedy means by the term something very different from what anybody else has meant. Let us take him at his face value, and assume that he means by "classicism" that which emulates "the spirit of the Greek and Latin authors." He has told us not to be "careless"; but to be exact in our definition. We must, therefore, ask him, to what Greek and Latin authors does he allude? To the severe "classicist" Sophocles, or to the loose and romantic Herodotus? To the exact and restrained Lysias, or to the rhetorical and voluminous Cicero? To the formless, jargon-writing Aristotle, or to the writer of the most pliable, yet most finished, prose—perhaps the best prose that exists in the world—Plato? Mr. Kennedy, needless to say, does not explain. He is fonder of phrases than of facts. The only difference recognised by him between the kinds of classics—and the differences were as numerous as among ourselves—is the false difference implied in his sentence: "No man who wrote in Greek could have been less Greek in soul and mind than Plato."

Frankly, judging from this book alone, we doubt if Mr. Kennedy has ever studied Plato beyond reading somebody's account of the Platonic theory of Ideas. He talks in praise of the Hellenic "harmony" and "restraint" which are

characteristic of "classicist" literature. The man who passed these phrases—"harmony," "restraint," "seemliness," "proportion"—into general currency was none other than the Plato whom Mr. Kennedy stigmatises as the first depraved "romanticist"; and the writer of barbarian Greek whom he adores as a Hellenist and a "classicist," Aristotle, borrowed all his fundamental conceptions from Plato himself.

One of Mr. Kennedy's chief indictments against Walter Pater is that he admired Plato. He also speaks of Pater's admiration of Hegel—whom he never admired. One of the author's characteristic mistakes is contained in his comment on the alleged advice which Pater gave to a man who wished to read "Greats." "I cannot advise you to read any special books. The great thing is to read authors *whole*: read Plato whole; read Kant whole; read Mill whole." Mr. Kennedy deduces from this "that Pater looked with much favor upon both Kant and Mill"; if he had troubled to inquire into the matter he would have known that he mentioned these authors because they figure most conspicuously in the "Greats" curriculum. Every reader of Pater, except Mr. Kennedy, knows that he cared very little for Kant, and not at all for Mill.

"If he (Pater) had only been more articulate," says this author, "he might almost have anticipated Wilde." This suggestion that Wilde is not only equal to, but even greater than, Pater, is the sort of juvenile paradox to which the "New Age" is making us accustomed. We are indeed astonished that Mr. Kennedy, after much excessive eulogy of Oscar Wilde, should positively accuse him of romanticism—a romanticism of which he is chiefly guilty because he talked of "art for art's sake." We, too, object to "art for art's sake," but we could not credit those notable "classicists," Aristotle and the "philosophers of India," with the doctrine of "art for the sake of life."

We have already alluded to Mr. Kennedy's view of Bernard Shaw—that he is a hopeless romanticist—because he hysterically emphasises "independence." It is part of the indictment against Mr. Shaw that he is a propagandist and an enthusiast for brains—which Mr. Kennedy decidedly is not. His classicism in that respect is guiltless. Mr. Wells, in the same way, comes under the ban of this advocate of an art which is to be brainless—"Mr. Wells's books show an ingenious play of the scientific faculty, but little artistic imagination."

Mr. Kennedy's book is so one-sided and platitudinous, where it is not foolishly paradoxical, that the many half-truths which he expresses, lacking as they are in authority, are scarcely likely to be either persuasive or misleading.

HEGEL AND COMMON SENSE.

"Hegel's Doctrine of Formal Logic: Being a Translation of the First Section of the Subjective Logic." With Introduction and Notes by H. S. MACRAN, Fellow of Trinity College and Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin. (Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS book consists of a translation of the first section of the second part of Hegel's Greater Logic, together with a rather full introduction and some notes. It is to be regretted that Mr. Macran did not translate the whole work, since it forms one continuous argument, difficult enough to follow when we begin at the beginning, and almost impossible when we begin in the middle. It is a disgrace to English philosophy that the task of translating the Greater Logic should still remain to be done. It is to be hoped that Mr. Macran, who has made a valuable beginning, will be persuaded to complete the work of which the present volume can only be regarded as an instalment. The translation, like all translations, is not wholly free from inaccuracies; but in the main it is excellent. Where (as sometimes occurs) Hegel's argument depends upon a pun, one could wish for a note to explain the joke; but presumably Mr. Macran thought that the difficulties of Hegel were great enough without the attempt to understand his humor.

There is, probably, no other of the great philosophers about whom opinion is so divided as it is about Hegel. Many regard him as the discoverer of immensely important truths, as, in fact, the greatest (at least in achievement)

of all philosophers. Others find in him nothing but confusions of thought, alternating with sheer nonsense. Whichever of these parties may be in the right, it seems plain that the grounds for his conclusions are chiefly to be found in his logic, and that there is very little to be said for those who adopt his results without the dialectic method by which he seeks to establish them. Mr. Macran is not among these; he is fully aware of the paramount importance of the Logic, and insists that Hegel's is "an altogether definite, sober, and methodical attempt to solve the riddle of the universe." Whether he is equally right in rejecting the view that Hegel is a mystic, may be doubted. William James treated him as a man dominated by the mystic feeling of the oneness of opposites; and some certainly among his followers would regard his final view of the universe as mystical. Mr. Macran's introduction is largely concerned to persuade us that Hegel was really quite a sensible man, who did not maintain anything seriously contrary to common-sense. This view seems unjust. Hegel's system is a vast effort of imagination, which has certainly the merit of suggesting an interesting view of the world, and possibly the merit of suggesting a true view, but emphatically not the merit (or demerit) of re-stating, in complicated terms, what ordinary sensible people believe.

Hegel's is the last of the great systems built on the belief that the nature of the universe can be discovered by *a priori* reasoning. All such systems derive their apparent force from one or more simple mistakes—generally so simple as to be hardly credible. The portion of Hegel's dialectic translated by Mr. Macran seems to rest throughout on a confusion between two meanings of the word *is*. If we say "Hildebrand is Gregory VII.," or "Napoleon is the greatest general of modern times," the word *is* expresses identity: the same person, in each case, is designated by either of two phrases. But if we say "Socrates is mortal," the *is* does not express identity: Socrates is not the same thing as mortality. Hegel, however, insists that it must express identity. Since Socrates and mortality are obviously different, he says that what is expressed is "identity-in-difference." This conception, arrived at in this way, is perhaps the main distinction of the Hegelian philosophy. Being obviously self-contradictory, it affords an admirable basis for the dialectic movement, which is propelled by contradiction. Those who cannot believe that any philosopher could commit such a simple mistake may consult pages 139, 181, 186. For example, the argument on page 139 is essentially the following: "Socrates is a singular, mortal is a universal; therefore, in saying that Socrates is mortal, we say that the singular is a universal, which is self-contradictory." This argument turns simply on the ambiguity of *is*.

Hegel's treatment of formal logic, like his treatment of everything else, is divided into three parts: the concept, the judgment, and the syllogism. Each passes into the next by its inherent dialectic, and within each of them there are many forms connected by dialectical transitions. For example, there is the syllogism of existence, the syllogism of reflection, and the syllogism of necessity; and this last, again, may be categorical, hypothetical, or disjunctive. As we advance we get nearer to perfect truth. "All men are mortal, and Socrates is a man; therefore, Socrates is mortal," is not so true as "If Socrates is a man, he is mortal; now he is a man, therefore he is mortal"; and this in turn is not so true as "Socrates is either a man or an immortal; now he is not an immortal, therefore he is a man." It is difficult not to regard these distinctions in degree of truth as purely fantastic; and the argument, where it is intelligible, seems always based on mere confusions. Nevertheless, Hegel's philosophy has a great fascination from its sweep and scope; and even if it is wholly false, it deserves to be studied as enriching the imaginative possibilities of thought.

EARLY SCOTTISH HISTORY.

"The Early Chronicles Relating to Scotland." By Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Bart. (Maclehose, 10s. net.)

SCOTLAND has almost no early chronicles, and Sir Herbert Maxwell's Rhind lectures for the Society of Antiquaries of

Scotland deal nominally with "Early Chronicles relating to Scotland." Thus the author begins with Tacitus and his brief biography of his father-in-law, Agricola, and so proceeds, mainly and necessarily relying on non-Scottish authorities, till we reach Wyntoun in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. The book is much more occupied with the events of Scottish history than with a critical examination of the old authorities—Roman, British, Welsh, and Irish. The book is "popular," not "academic"; "a survey," says Sir Herbert, "of the laborious researches of Thomas Innes" (S.J.), David Macpherson, David Laing, William Skene, Cosmo Innes, Joseph Stevenson (S.J.), and Dr. Joseph Anderson, the *doyen* of living Scottish genealogists. We may add to these the name of the learned Mr. E. W. Robertson, author of "Scotland Under Her Early Kings" (1864).

Sir Herbert sees (p. 156) no reason to doubt that Scottish clerics and monks were as diligent chroniclers as their English brethren, and supposes that the religious houses founded by Margaret, Queen and Saint, and her sons had each their historiographer. But, except Adamnan's charming "Life of St. Columba" (which is not "Annals"), we have "not a single example of annals compiled in Scotland" till we come to the *Chronicon de Mailros* (Melrose), published in the twelfth century. Consequently, we have no contemporary Scottish account of the various remote dealings on which the English, down to Henry VIII., founded their claims to sovereignty over Scotland, a theme to which Sir Herbert gives much space. Between Robertson and Freeman—Mr. Wyckoff, of Chicago, intervening—the literary war over these claims has been fought out; and, though Sir Herbert does not agree with me (p. 106) that "the question is now of purely antiquarian interest," I am inclined to that opinion. I argue that, though the historian must conscientiously examine the English statements, as I have done ("History of Scotland," Vol. I., pp. 496-498); these are so dubious, and the original meanings of such treaties as were made were afterwards so covered with feudal glosses, while the Scots perpetually remonstrated in arms against the English interpretations, that historians of to-day are biassed by their birth—North or South of Tweed. Thus there is abundance of learning and no clear knowledge about matters of no practical importance—matters always adjusted, in the last resort, by the sword.

Meanwhile, why have we no really early Scottish historical sources? Sir Herbert suggests that in the Scottish Treasury, up to 1290, there were plenty of State papers and records handed over to Edward I., as arbiter, on the death of the Maid of Norway, restored by him to John Balliol (1292), and supposed to have perished in the wars of the thirteenth century. But would monastic chronicles have lain in the Treasury? A prologue to an abbreviation of Fordun says that Edward I. carried some Scottish chronicles to England, where they remained, and burned others. In the riots of 1540-1559, the Protestants might burn papers indiscriminately, as might the English who wasted the Border in the "rough wooing" of Henry VIII. In Knox's day, no doubt, there was much destruction of "Churchmen's gear" of all sorts not of pecuniary value. But wherefore does Sir Herbert say that (1559) Knox "vainly attempted to stop the havoc and sack of the religious houses in Perth"? (p. 158.) Compare Knox's account, meant for immediate publication, and written in 1559 (Knox, vol. I., pp. 321-323), with what he wrote to "a lady friend" (Knox, vol. VI., p. 23), and with the contemporary "Historie of the Estate of Scotland." The two latter authorities ascribe the destruction and burnings to "the Brethren." In his work for publication, Knox says that "the preacher and the magistrate" vainly attempted to check the fury of "the rascal multitude." Knox has one story for the private ear of a lady friend; another is "for all Europe." A ship's load of Scottish papers, seized during the Cromwellian Conquest, was lost at sea on its homeward way, early in the Restoration. But I do not feel confident that all the early Scottish monasteries had their historiographers. Cartularies and registers of some monasteries survive, and the Chronicle of Melrose, with the Register of Dunfermline, clearly prove the "faking" of the claim of Edward I. to have received promise of homage from Alexander III. (pp. 223-225); otherwise, we have

scarcely any contemporary material from Scottish sources before the end of the thirteenth century.

We begin with Romans, then the Cymric Gildas, we turn to the no less admirable Venerable Bede, find matters in Irish annals and poems, and in Icelandic sagas, and English chronicles. But Scotland has no early historians of her own. Fordun had to travel far and wide, consulting sources in England. Barbour, a small boy in the days of his hero, Robert Bruce, begins his rhymed chronicle by rolling up "Bruce the Competitor," his son, "Bruce the Old," and his grandson—the King—into one gentleman. If memory beguiles me not, the English chronicler, Knighton, set the example of this portentous blunder. This fault once committed, "Barbour's statements will stand the test of examination in the light of such State papers and other documents as have been preserved, to which, of course, the Archdeacon of Aberdeen had no access" (p. 240). Barbour was an Oxford man (at Balliol College?) Is it certain that he could not, while in England, study the State papers? Perhaps it is not probable that he received permission! His estimate of the forces of John of Lorne in English pay is precisely corroborated by De Valence's warrant in the Exchequer Rolls. But is Barbour often, or indeed ever, except in the one instance, supported in detail by English State papers? If he is, a close comparison of his rhymed chronicle with the documents would have been valuable. Barbour's language, it appears, is that of the whole country from the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, to the Humber. Setting aside the Celtic clergy, of whom some were for Edward, some for Robert, the War of Independence was fought by English-speaking men on both sides. But though Barbour, in Aberdeen, spoke English, many of the fighting men in that region must then have spoken Gaelic. Sir Herbert says (p. 45) that the original "Life of St. Ninian," of Whithorn, in Galloway, "was written in the Anglo-Saxon vernacular." Ailred, who "edited" it in the twelfth century, in Latin, says that it was "obscured by a barbarous language," "a rustic style." Does this mean that the original "Life" of a man who died in Galloway in 492 was written in Anglo-Saxon? Had the book been in Gaelic, such as the Picts of Galloway spoke, it is not probable that Ailred could have translated it. Perhaps it was only in very bad Latin; but we are not told the date of the writing of the original "Life." If it were in Anglo-Saxon, surely it cannot be earlier than two centuries after Ninian's death, and, if so, its sources are unknown, and it may have had no "precious local color," like Adamnan's "Columba," but was probably a mere tissue of *märchen* and miracles, like Ailred's version. Sir Herbert speaks harshly of Adamnan's "inveterate hankering after the marvellous" in his "Life of Columba." But here comes in the "precious local color," for the miracles are either adapted Celtic popular tales, or such cases of telepathy and second sight and precognition as are still common in the Western Highlands.

However, my doubts about the Anglo-Saxon language of the original "Life of St. Ninian" may be hypercritical. He died in 492. The first Bishop of Whithorn was of 731, Pechthelm. Is "Pecht" equivalent to Scots "Pecht" for Pict? Probably not! The succeeding bishops had "Saxon names," so, after 731, the religious of Whithorn might well talk and write Anglo-Saxon, not Gaelic. Still, between the first Anglo-Saxon Bishop of Whithorn and the death of St. Ninian are nearly three centuries; wherefore, an Anglo-Saxon "Life" of the Saint came too late to be of any historical value. I am happy to be able to agree with Sir Herbert Maxwell and Skene about Arthur, *Flos regum*. He fought in and about the Border, from the Lennox to Ettrick Forest, "and up in Agned Cathregonion too," and at Arthur's, near the fatal field of Solway Moss. Bede does not name Arthur, but promises to return to this precise period—a promise unfulfilled. Probably Bede expected to find materials about Arthur which he never obtained. Arthur led the more or less Romanised Welsh of Strathclyde against Scots, Picts, and Angles, I conceive. These are but discursive remarks on a work of very wide scope—practically the proto-history and early medieval history of Scotland—and of very readable character, like all that Sir Herbert writes.

ANDREW LANG.

AN INDIAN QUEEN.

"An Account of My Life (Gohur-i-Ikbal)." By Her Highness Nawab Sultan JAHAN BEGAM OF BHOPAL. Translated by C. H. PAYNE. (Murray. 15s. net.)

It is not, perhaps, in the official autobiographies of these days that one can hope to come upon an expression of the Oriental mind as embodied in Indian princes, but there is more than a little that is self-revealing in this life-story of the only woman now ruling over an Indian State.

Bhopal is the principal Mohammedan State of Central India. The present dynasty contrived, like so many others, to establish itself during the chaos which accompanied the break-up of the Moghul Empire, and it owes, of course, its continued existence to the protection of the British power. What, however, has made Bhopal particularly notable is the continued failure, over a long period, of heirs male in the royal household, and the consequent succession of three reigning Begams. Because of this, one constantly hears it said, in India as in England, that Bhopal is a Moslem State always ruled by a Queen; whereas the fact is simply that, for something like three-quarters of a century, no princes came to the birth. To the present Begam, as one might expect, this circumstance is peculiarly providential. Not in her family, she implies, could it ever be said, in the words of the Holy Koran:—

"And when any of them is told of the birth of a female, his face becometh black, and he is deeply afflicted."

Quite otherwise, indeed; and we are assured by her Highness that great grief fell upon the people, at the time of her eldest daughter's death, for the loss of one who would have secured to them "a continuance of those special blessings they had so long enjoyed under a woman's rule." The balance is now redressed, and, in the ordinary course of things, the next ruler of the State should be one of the Begam's sons.

No reader of this narrative, at once artless and discreet, will be tempted to dispute her Highness's strength of character. She was born in 1858, the year when the East India Company gave place to the British Crown, and she succeeded her mother eleven years ago. You do not gather that her girlhood was particularly fortunate. Her grandmother Sikander Begam, famous among modern Indian queens, died when the little Princess was ten years old, having lived just long enough to give her a happy childhood, and to make for her a successful choice of a husband. The years that followed were full enough of trouble. The Begam, her mother, had married an adventurer, who, apparently, lived in intrigue and came near to ruining the State. Meredith Townsend used to maintain that one decided defect of the Pax Britannica—from the Indian point of view—was that it had made life safe and dull. In the old days all the great careers were open to the talents. Peasant or trader, writer or robber chief, might carve out a kingdom or subjugate half a continent. We have effectually stopped all that; but something of the kind, on a tiny scale, is still possible in the Indian States. The man who made the capture of her Highness's mother come from nowhere, rose to be minister, Nawab, and virtual ruler of Bhopal. He was degraded in the end, but not before he had wrought havoc in the royal household, debauched the public service, and kept our Princess and her mother apart, in a distressful estrangement, for half a lifetime.

"In a Native State," says the Begam, "the appointment of an absolute Minister can seldom be productive of good results." So, when difficulties arose, as they did straightway on her accession, with the mature and experienced Minister who had served her predecessor, her Highness took the reins into her own hands, and for a year and a half ruled the State unaided. The customary language of Western enlightenment comes with an odd naturalness from this orthodox Moslem Princess, who gently censures her mother for indifference to public instruction, and avows her own belief in local self-government. Her scheme of education for the Indian girl includes "a sufficient knowledge of household management, and other feminine occupations, to make her independent and happy in her future life"; but that does not lessen the Begam's delight in the achievement of her second son, who, after three whole years

of labor, "completed his task of learning by heart the Holy Koran."

"I need not tell my readers how our hearts rejoiced when we knew that success had crowned his endeavors. His own joy was no less than ours, and we thanked Almighty God that he had vouchsafed to us a son thus capable of winning honor and blessings for himself and his family."

Her Highness, wearing the *burkha*, behind which she is completely veiled, has been present at two Delhi Durbars; she has made the pilgrimage to Mecca; and, daring still further, has visited England, attending the Coronation ceremonies of last year, and spending the summer in a Southern county. But this latest adventure is not described, the story of her life breaking off in 1904.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"J. M. Synge: A Critical Study." By P. P. HOWE. (Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is not so much a "critical study" as a panegyric. Mr. Howe is such an enthusiast for his subject that he does not hesitate to associate him with Shakespeare. We doubt whether Synge's fame will ultimately be the better for so lavish a eulogy. After all, if one compares the Synge copiousness with the Shakespearean copiousness, one cannot but see that the former is a copiousness of word-patterns, while the latter is a copiousness of humanity and imagination. Not that Synge's very isolated and individual genius can be summed up as a mere affair of patterns in words; but it is only on this side that it is remarkable for its copiousness. Mr. Howe seems to think that the characterisation is in the grand style; but surely the portraits in the plays, now tragic and now comic, are in the decorative and macabre manner, and, except in the case of the mother in "Riders to the Sea," never even begin to be revelations of the common world (unless we treat them as symbols). They are revelations rather of Synge's lonely and beautiful, if amiably cruel, temperament. Synge's genius is nearer Baudelaire's than Shakespeare's and Molière's. He was a pessimist taking refuge in beautiful sentences: his laughter had in it something dark and demoniacal. To say this is not to disparage him. It is merely to define him and to urge that we should enjoy him for what he is, not for what he is not. Mr. Howe's able and interesting essay would be an excellent stimulant if Synge were not already a recognised figure in the world of letters. As it is, we feel we would willingly exchange a cartload of glorification for a little æsthetic analysis. Synge was such a new sensation in literature, his genius was of so original and fantastic a kind, that there is plenty of room for an exciting essay in interpretation. But it will need a critic who is rather less of a "wholehogger" than Mr. Howe to do justice to that strange mixture of lyricism and malicious comedy, of outrageous realism and outrageous fancy, with which Synge stirred Dublin into riot and other capitals into ecstasy.

"John Hungerford Pollen (1820-1902)." By ANNE POLLEN. (Murray. 15s. net.)

JOHN HUNGERFORD POLLEN was one of the many young men who came under Newman's influence at Oxford, and the chief interest of this biography by his widow is the picture it gives of the Oxford movement. The friend of Church, Stanley, and others who were destined to become dignitaries in the Anglican Church, Pollen was ordained in 1844, and, after a long hesitation, was received into the Roman Catholic Church in 1852. He had shown an artistic bent from his early years, and while a Fellow of Merton, he came into close association with the Pre-Raphaelite group. After leaving the Anglican Church, he went to Rome, where he struck up a friendship with Thackeray, by whose influence, together with that of Lord Granville, he was appointed official editor of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington. He did a great deal of work as a decorative artist, and he played a part of some importance in the development of art in this country during the nineteenth century, as well as in the religious movement with which it was connected. The present volume is largely made up of Pollen's diaries and letters. It contains a great deal that must seem trivial to readers who do not care about the special religious and ecclesiastical problems that seemed of such importance to Pollen and his friends. But Pollen's

noble and elevated character, and the many distinguished men with whom he was intimate, give an interest to matters that would not otherwise be worth recording.

"Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance." By J. L. GARNER. (Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

SOME months ago we noticed Mr. Rafael Sabatini's biography of Cæsar Borgia, and now comes a fresh volume on the same subject from Mr. Garner. The advantage lies with the later writer, for Mr. Garner does not set out with any determination to prove Cæsar Borgia a malignant and misrepresented man. On the contrary, he regards him as interesting "chiefly as a product of the age," an age of which, as he rightly adds, "vast, unrestrained selfishness was the predominant characteristic." Cæsar's fierce ambition and unbridled egoism, as well as his undeniable ability, brought him into the class of men who make a great stir in their own day, but who do nothing to alter the current of history, and whose lives are nearly always harmful, and are at the best useless. We doubt whether even Cæsar Borgia's crimes would be thought worth recording to-day, were it not that he was a Cardinal and his father a Pope. Mr. Garner's book, which is clearly written and founded on the best authorities, helps the general reader to understand the condition of anarchy into which the Italian peninsula fell in the fifteenth century, and gives a terrible but true picture of the degradation into which the spiritual guides of Europe were plunged during that period.

"Famous Sea Fights." By JOHN RICHARD HALE. (Methuen. 6s. net.)

THE literature of naval warfare is copious enough. But there is always room for a book that treats the subject from the historical and scientific standpoint, and not as an excuse for an outburst of jingoistic platitudes, and Mr. John Richard Hale's volume certainly belongs to the desirable class. The sea-battles dealt with are arranged in three periods: the period of oar and close fighting, that of sail and gun, and that of steam, armor, and rifled artillery; Salamis is the first event described and Tsushima the last, while the Battle of Lepanto, the Spanish Armada, Trafalgar, and Santiago are amongst the most famous of the fourteen fights included. The author's aim has been to illustrate, by the accounts of battles in different parts of the world at different times, the continuous development of naval construction and tactics; hence he has included a good many that are typical of this development rather than historically notorious, and has excluded others that, if more famous, are not so illustrative. For instance, the little action in Hampton Roads in the American Civil War (1862) was not in itself important or decisive; but its central feature—the duel between the "Merrimac" and the "Monitor"—marks the introduction of the armor-clad vessel and the turret principle. The volume is written in a vivacious, but not exaggeratedly picturesque style, and the illustrations of different types of war vessels are instructive.

"The Journal of a Sporting Nomad." By J. T. STUDLEY. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. STUDLEY'S wanderings in pursuit of sport have taken him from the West Coast of Africa, where he collected butterflies and shot crocodiles and elephants, to Iceland, where he fished for salmon and bought a cast of hooded falcons, and his "bags" have included caribou from Newfoundland, tarpon from Florida, and eland and warthogs from East Africa. All these wanderings and the incidents inseparable from the life of a sportsman who adventures after big game are told in a simple and engaging style. Mr. Studley disarms criticism by informing us in a prefatory note that, even in his "wildest moments," he has "never aspired to be a literary person." He can, at any rate, write good English, and the direct style of his volume is well suited to its subject.

"A Lost Legionary in South Africa." By Colonel G. HAMILTON-BROWNE. (Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

READERS of Colonel Hamilton-Browne's former book of reminiscences, "With the Lost Legion in New Zealand," will turn with interest to this further instalment of the autobiography of a man who seems never to have been happy except when fighting or raising a force to fight. Like its

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The Week in the City.

	Price Friday morning, August 9.	Price Friday morning, August 16.
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IN spite of the proverbial dullness of the nineteen-day account, and of the fact that the one just closed contained the Bank Holiday week-end, the end of the account produced a remarkable display of buoyant activity. As we suggested might be the case, the Home Railway section was most favored by professional "bulls," for this is the market which will probably appeal most to the investor and small speculator during the next few weeks. It is sometimes difficult to account for sudden changes of sentiment on the Stock Exchange, and the present is no exception. It must be admitted, however, that the Stock Exchange looks to the public for its profits, and prices therefore have a tendency to rise before the public itself has appeared in the market. The buying at present comes almost entirely from the professional speculator, who buys with the intention of reselling at a profit when the public, attracted by rising prices, shall come in. The attempt to turn the tide of public favor towards the Kaffir Market has met with little success so far. In fact it is surprising that the advance in prices has been as great and as sustained as is the case. No doubt "Bears" are plentiful after the long run they have had, and their re-purchasing operations have contributed much towards the firmness of prices. If the public does not follow the upward movement initiated by the "houses," however, prices usually go back within a day or two, the state of the market attracting fresh bears. The firmness is not due to any pronounced shortage of stock, for each little rise finds plenty of sellers. The most probable explanation is that "bears" are timid at present, waiting until they see the houses abandon the attempt to put prices higher. These speculative markets are by no means the only sections to show rising prices. The gilt-edged market is at last beginning to believe in the Sinking Fund and the Insurance Act as possible saviors of Consols, and the securities just outside Consols which give a higher return than Consols themselves, have risen in anticipation of their receiving some of the insurance money. Consols have risen sympathetically, and also on the prospect of Government Sinking Fund purchases, of which a small amount are said to have been made during the week. Americans began to waver at the levels to which Wall Street has pushed prices, but the trade and crop reports are really good, and suggest that the long-expected business revival is under way. Mexican (Vera Cruz) stocks are rising, on the favorable dividend outlook, in spite of the obvious unsettlement in the North-West. Argentine stocks have risen on the approach of the dividend announcement. Estimates of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific distribution, which recently put the rate as low as 2 per cent., have undergone a certain amount of revision, and the stock is back again in the neighborhood of 90. Foreign Bonds have hardened slightly on a few purchases, chiefly of Japanese, where the 1907 issue has been bought. Rubber shares rose in the first part of the week, but the auctions were not extraordinarily satisfactory.

THE HOME RAILWAY POSITION.

Home Rails are regarded as the most likely to appeal to the investor just now, because the traffics next week will

compare with the great declines caused by the railway strike last year. The returns up to date also indicate that trade conditions are exceptionally good, and that, barring another industrial upheaval, the railways' gross incomes will be much greater than they were in 1911. To the increase in working expenses caused by the rise in wages and other charges, the Stock Exchange "Bull" is not likely to give much attention while traffics and prices are rising, and though prices will probably rise in the next month or so, there are certain to be misgivings in some minds when the next dividend-declarations draw near. In all the circumstances, Home Railway stocks are not over-valued at present prices, and the best of them will no doubt command higher values at some time in the next few months; but as permanent investments their ultimate future is uncertain. The lines are over-capitalised, and are becoming more so with the march of invention, and consequent improvement of the services. The various electrification schemes which have been carried out, for instance, render obsolete a certain amount of old stock, yet new capital is raised without hesitation for the purpose of the newer equipment. At some time or other the position is bound to be reached when the charges to the public will have to be raised, or dividends to be placed on a permanently lower basis if the financial methods of the present day, superior as they are to the procedure of thirty years ago, are persisted in. Distasteful as it may seem to the railway shareholder to be told that he has had too large a share of the profits in the past, it is nevertheless true. If the raising of new capital had not been made so easy in the past, our railways might be paying bigger dividends to shareholders, higher wages to their staff, and charging the public less.

THE "UNDERGROUND" REPORT.

The latest report of the Underground Electric Railways Company of London shows some very striking changes from its immediate predecessor, and differs still more from that issued a year ago. The changes which have occurred in the past year may be set out in order to afford a guide to the alterations in the company's financial position. They are, the sale of £1,250,000 of London Electric Railway 4 per cent. Preference stock and the redemption of £1,000,000 of Prior Lien Bonds with the proceeds; the Chelsea Power House (which was owned by the Underground Company, who charged the "Tubes" for power supplied) was floated off by bonding it for £2,200,000 in the shape of Power House Rent Charge stock for which the London Electric and the District were jointly responsible. This stock was issued to the public by the Underground, and the proceeds applied to repay £1,000,000 of Power House debentures specifically secured on the Power House and £1,088,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds. By this transaction the Underground received more than the book value of the Power House, and the surplus was applied in reducing the debits in the balance-sheet on account of commission and discount on the bond issues to £474,000. The latest and greatest alteration was caused by the acquisition of the Ordinary stock of the London General Omnibus Company at £275 per £100 of stock. Through selling the Tube stock and buying the Omnibus Co., the Underground depends far more on the London General than on the Tubes. Of the income of £207,850 for the last half-year £113,590 represented the 10 per cent. dividend declared by the Omnibus Company. It must not be forgotten, however, that the Underground holds the Omnibus stock at nearly three times its nominal value, and a 10 per cent. dividend therefore is only equivalent to a return of about 3½ per cent. on the Underground Company's investment. The income of the half-year was sufficient to pay the 6 per cent. interest on the new cumulative income Debenture stock and 4 per cent. on the old 6 per cent. income bonds whose amount has been increased to £6,110,031 on account of the 'bus fusion. The following shows the prices and yields of Underground securities on the basis of the last dividends:—

	Div. per cent.	Price.	Yield. £ s. d.
Bonds of 1933	4½	100	4 11 0
1st Cum. Inc. Deb. Stock, 1946	6	115	4 7 0
6% Income Bonds, 1948	4	91	4 8 0
Ordinary Shares (£10)	4	4½	nil
"A" Ordinary Shares (1s.)	nil	¾	nil

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